

welcome to chaos, how may i help you? (please get me out of here)

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welcome to chaos, how may i help you? (please get me out of here)

by [averea](#), [cypherifyy](#), [DevilsJade](#)

Summary

Dream blinked, scrolling through more replies, people contributing headcanons left and right. It didn't sound like a bad idea. It really didn't, and the more replies he read, the more appealing the idea was.

An idea occurred to him. Food long forgotten, he bolted to his room and opened discord, messaging Jimmy, then, after a moment, Skeppy as well.

He got replies remarkably quickly, both on board with the idea. Dream smiled to himself, pulling up a new google docs to set his plan in motion.

This was going to be the greatest project he'd ever done.

OR: all the block fuckers live together

Notes

hello welcome to this fic

be warned that there's a lot of chaos

the fic isn't in any means serious and is purely crack and all jokes.

we apologize if the flow of this is absolute shit we write at like 1am and are running on 3 hours of sleep and crack or some shit (rea tries her best to keep it making sense because she has 90% of our braincell)

updates will NOT be on a schedule, but we plan on uploading at least once or twice a month

length of chapters will also vary :DD

awhrea is Rea (she/her), oliverdreams is Oli/Oliver(they/he), and JellyJemSpread is Jem (she/her)

jem: please help i sat here and formatted this whole chapter and messed up one thing which ruined like most of the chapter formatting so i had to redo it and i found out that rich text is way easier to edit on today and i felt really stupid bc i had no idea anyways please enjoy this fic we're having a really fun time writing it (i seriously hope i didnt forget something somewhere pls i will cry if i did)

rea: she wrote in the "(rea tries her best to keep it making sense because she has 90% of our braincell)" [its quite true. sadly. -jem]

oli: if there are any typos just ignore them like no seriously ignore them we dont take them seriously we just start laughing our asses off and forget to correct them

FOR THIS CHAPTER:

TW: Alcohol Use

it starts essentially at the words "A welcome party might've not been the best idea." til the end, but its all pretty much legal usage

EY YO THE FUCKERS ARE ALL HERE

A plane ticket to Dream's house. And a permanent room in his house.

George's answer to the question still rang in Dream's head even hours after the stream had ended, tickling at the back of his thoughts at all times. *Surely he'd been joking.*

Dream groaned, sliding down his chair and dragging a hand over his face. This really shouldn't be bugging him. It wasn't like they were dating or had plans to, and it wasn't like he *liked* him, so why was it bothering him so much?

Eventually, he decided to worry about it later. He had a video to edit, after all.

It didn't leave him alone for long. Dream sighed, giving up with editing for the day and making his way to his kitchen to grab some food. He took out his phone and began scrolling through twitter as he waited for his food to heat up. A certain tweet caught his eye, and curious, he opened it to read it.

@ItzJemStone

Ok, hear me out, dream smp but they all live in the same house

Like, imagine birthday parties. And road trips. And game nights.

→ @EARTH0M4RS

Replying to @ItzJemStone BITCH GET ON DISCORD RN THIS IS SUCH A GOOD IDEA

→ @awhrea

Replying to @ItzJemStone @EARTH0M4RS HOLY FUCK YEAH GET ON DISCORD RN

Dream blinked, scrolling through more replies, people contributing headcanons left and right. It didn't sound like a bad idea. It really didn't, and the more replies he read, the more appealing the idea was.

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This was going to be the greatest project he'd ever done.

It took a little over a year before they began asking people to move in. George and Sapnap were the first people Dream invited, Skeppy inviting Bad and Jimmy offering to wait a bit more before inviting anyone, seeing as the house was still a work in progress.

Since they wanted the house to be a surprise, they had to convince them to come without mentioning the house itself. It was relatively easy, simply telling them that they were hoping they could come help out with filming a Mr. Beast challenge video. Sapnap and Bad agreed almost immediately, though a bit surprised. George was much more skeptical, though he did agree without many complaints or questions.

Dream was excited. He couldn't remember the last time he'd been this excited; maybe when he'd hit one million on youtube.

The point was, he was excited. *Very* excited.

Jimmy went to go pick them up, returning nearly an hour later with two tired American men and a jetlagged british man.

Skeppy immediately went to hug Bad. Dream went to hug Sapnap, then went to hug George.

George, to Dream's surprise, didn't complain. Maybe it was because he was jet lagged or maybe it was because they'd never met in person before. Either way, George hugged back tightly and Dream soaked in the feeling of hugging his best friend for the first time.

"Okay, you lovebirds, we get it, first time meeting, romantic shit, blah blah blah. Can we see where we're staying now or are we going to stand around for another half hour watching you two hug?"

"Shut up, Sapnap," Dream retorted, no bite to his words. "Come on, I want to show you guys this. We've been working on it for nearly a year and we've finally reached the point where we can start inviting people; are you guys ready?"

"I don't know, are we?" George remarked, yawning and leaning slightly on Dream. "Just show us the damn thing, I'm tired and I want to sleep."

"Alright, lets go!"

The group followed Dream up the unfinished driveway, George yawning loudly as Sapnap followed quietly. Skeppy practically skipped up to the house, excitedly dragging Bad with him.

"So, what do you think?" Dream inquired once they got close enough to see the house.

"It's unfinished," Sapnap said pointedly, crossing his arms.

"But?"

"It looks nice," Sapnap offered, walking up a few paces and inspecting the half built house. "It looks *really* nice."

"Great!" Dream declared, grinning widely. "Wanna move in?"

Sapnap turned to look at him. "Move in?"

"Yeah!"

"Hell yeah, brother. I'm down."

"Wait, what?" George interrupted from behind them, rubbing his eyes and yawning for the upteenth time. "Move in?"

Dream smiled as he turned to look George in the eyes. "Yeah, move in. Skeppy, Jimmy, and I have been working on this house for a year and plan on inviting a ton of others to come live with us once we get the rest of the house built." He grinned, placing his hands on his shoulder and shaking him lightly. "George, do you want to move in?"

George blinked, now appearing much more wide awake than before. "You want me to move in. With you?"

"And a bunch of others in the foreseeable future, but yeah. Do you want to?"

He smiled, lightly punching Dream's shoulder. "Is that even a question? Yes, Dream, I'd love to."

“Awesome!” Dream cheered, laughing and hugging George again. He grumbled, half heartedly hitting his arm.

“Okay, I get it, you’re happy. I’m happy too, but I’m jet lagged and desperately want to sleep. Can you show us our rooms now?”

Dream laughed and agreed, leading the two to their rooms as the sun set behind them.

This was going to be really fun.

Making a chart to keep track of whose turn it was to go shopping hadn’t originally been planned.

See, Dream had thought that keeping track of who was supposed to go shopping would’ve been relatively easy. Clearly it was much easier said than done, since some people (read: George) just didn’t seem to understand the term ‘*Please go shopping for groceries.*’

“George, did you get the groceries?”

“No?”

“Why? It’s your turn to get the groceries!”

“No, I thought it was Sapnap’s turn!”

“He did it last week!”

“What?! I swear it isn’t my turn this week!”

“George, I literally asked you to go shopping yesterday!”

“No you didn’t!”

“Yes I did!”

George threw his hands up in the air in a symbol of annoyance. “No you *didn’t!*”

Dream slammed his hands down on the kitchen counter. “Yes I *did!*”

“No!”

“George! It’s literally your turn!”

“No, no it is *not.*”

“George, I am, like, twice your height and weigh twice as much as you do. I will throw you over my shoulder and carry you to the goddamn store if you do not get your ass up and out the door *right now.*”

“You play minecraft for a living, you can’t lift shit.”

“Do you really want to test that theory?”

“Come at me, bitch! I dare you to go ahead and try!”

That had resulted in a twenty minute long wrestling match on their kitchen floor before Bad had walked in and scolded them. Dream ended up going with George to get the groceries.

If a calendar appeared with reminders of whose turn it was to go shopping, no one mentioned it.

It was another two months before they invited more people.

This time, they invited Karl and Quackity on Sapnap's request along with Ant and Red from a random selector. They all agreed to move in, Karl and Quackity immediately dumping their things into Sapnap's room as Ant and Red chose a room for themselves. The second floor was almost complete now, the first floor now done and only in need of proper furnishing.

"The house is coming along really nicely," Skeppy commented one day at breakfast. Everyone nodded in agreement.

"So when are we inviting the next batch of people?" George asked, a fork of eggs halfway to his mouth. Dream shrugged, sipping on his drink.

"Probably sometime during the next week or two," Dream answered, taking another sip. "Any specific requests?"

Everyone shook their heads.

"Alright, we'll pull five people from the random generator and ask them."

Everyone hummed in agreement. Breakfast continued on without another word.

The five people selected ended up being Sam, Philza, Wilbur, Tommy, and Tubbo.. Techno was invited a few days later per Philza's request, as was Callahan after Sam mentioned him in a conversation over dinner. Everyone moved in relatively quickly, and along with all their luggage, it became evident that the typical peace that lingered in the house was now going to no longer be available.

In full honesty, they should've expected it to happen when Tommy was invited. Having Wilbur and Techno near him would simply heighten the chaos. But no, Dream went on foolishly thinking that the peaceful aura surrounding the house would remain.

He was very, *very* wrong.

On Saturday, Dream woke up to distant screaming coming from downstairs.

"Tommy, what the *fuck*?!"

"Ow, Wilbur, don't hit me with a pan!"

"Tommy, kindly get away from my waffles before I stab you with my fork."

"Stop stealing the waffles!"

"Can you stop hogging the syrup?"

"Tommy! Why are you holding a knife!"

"No! Tommy, put that down!"

“Techno, do something! Ow, Tommy, what the fuck?!”

“Wilbur, put down the goddamn pan!”

“No!”

Rubbing his eyes, Dream made his way into the kitchen, yawning as he pulled a hoodie over his t-shirt. Stepping into the kitchen, he blinked as he took in the chaos unfolding before him.

Tommy and Wilbur were in a fist fight of sorts, Tommy armed with a butterknife and Wilbur with a frying pan. Jimmy appeared to be trying (and failing) to stop them. Techno was sitting at the kitchen island next to Tubbo, who was shoveling waffles into his mouth. Sapnap sat on the other side of them, reaching tiredly for the syrup that sat just barely out of his reach. Sam and Philza were nowhere in sight, but their voices floating around indicated that they were somewhere nearby. Skeppy and Bad were sitting at the large dining table by themselves. Karl, Quackity, and Callahan were nowhere to be found or heard, so Dream assumed they were still sleeping like George was.

“Are we just eating waffles?” He asked Sapnap, handing him the syrup bottle. He mumbled a quiet thanks and nodded, pointing at the plate of nearly depleted waffles sitting next to the toaster. Dream nodded, grabbing another plate out the cabinets and setting two waffles onto his plate and grabbing a glass of water.

“What are they fighting over?” He asked Sapnap, waving in Tommy and Wilbur’s direction.

“No idea,” Sapnap answered. “Something about pancakes and waffles in a battle royale.”

“Oh. Couldn’t they be quieter about it?”

“Apparently not.”

The yelling continued for another five minutes before Philza came in and hit both of them, giving them stern looks before making his way over to the stack of waffles. They both grumbled and returned to their meal.

Dream yawned. “Say, Jimmy,” He asked, downing half his water. “Do you think we should invite more people or wait another week?”

“Well, I don’t see any reason for waiting. I say we invite as many people as we can, since that means we can go furniture shopping sooner.”

“Good point,” Dream said. “Who else do we have left?”

Jimmy pulled out his phone, pulling up a list of people they’d wanted to invite. “Well, we still have Ranboo, Eret, HBomb, Fundy, Niki, Purpled, Punz, Puffy, Zelk, Finn, Chandler, Chris, Ponk, and Alyssa.”

“Vurb and Spifey want in too,” Skeppy added from where he was sitting. “Oh, and Mega as well.”

“Alright. That’s... What, seventeen people?”

“More or less.”

“So should we just invite them all right now?”

Skeppy grinned, sliding in between the two. “Why not? We can finally put that new limo to use when we go to pick them up.”

“Vouch,” Techno piped up. “I want to ride in the limo.”

“Okay then! We’ll invite them and get everyone who agrees to come plane tickets to arrive on the same day so we can pick them up in one trip.” Dream grinned. “Are we ready for the house to become even more chaotic?”

Everyone cheered.

Dream’s grin widened. This really *had* been a good idea.

He made a mental note to go thank the twitter user who’d introduced him to the idea.

And everyone else in the replies. He couldn’t wait until he could do secret santa and prank wars and pool parties with everyone else.

He really, *really* couldn’t wait.

Large groups weren’t uncommon. Celebrities weren’t necessarily uncommon either. Limo’s also weren’t considered rare at airport pickup lanes.

Now a combination of those three, definitely *was* rare.

And it most definitely hadn’t been what Dan had been expecting to see when he’d arrived at the airport for his shift.

Now, the start of his shift had been relatively boring. The usual travel duos, small families, and the occasional club group of sorts getting picked up by a normal car or getting a taxi to their designations.

And then he watched a group of twenty or so people exit the airport, all of them looking different levels of tired and sleep deprived. At first, Dan thought they were one of those school travel groups. But then he realized that a few of them looked oddly familiar. He brushed off the feeling, thinking that they probably looked like one of his cousins or something.

And then a limo pulled up.

Okay, pretty normal. Not *normal* normal, but something that happened often enough not to be considered out of place.

But it didn’t stop there. Out stepped someone who was well known through the youtube community; Mr. Beast.

Now this *should’ve* been where the craziness ended. But that clearly wasn’t how the world worked, because two more rather well known minecraft players stepped out as well. Skeppy and Philza Minecraft, to be a little more specific.

They began waving over the group of people Dan had seen earlier, and it hit him that the reason why some of them had looked familiar was because they *were* familiar.

Dan decided that he’d seen enough for the day.

He considered walking up and saying hello, but decided against it.

As he watched them load up the remaining suitcases and drive off, he wondered what could’ve possibly led to having so many people gather together for this.

Dan smiled. Whatever it was, he hoped that they had fun.

A welcome party might've not been the best idea.

Though, to Skeppy's defense, parties were rarely a bad idea. Especially if they were welcome parties! What could possibly go wrong at one of those?

Well. A lot of things, apparently.

Honestly, Skeppy *should've* expected at least *something* to go wrong when he'd decided to throw a party for seventeen newcomers, half of whom were sleep deprived and ready to commit anarchy if they were to be provoked at the wrong time.

But no, Skeppy had simply gone on and thrown a huge party to welcome them to the huge house they were moving into.

Now, the start of it had gone relatively well. They greeted everyone, showed them to their rooms, and began the fun. Some of them had chosen to go straight to sleep, but most had stuck around. And, like most parties Skeppy threw, it started with a surprise.

Dream started the party off by throwing an unnecessary amount of confetti into the air and downing a shot of vodka. Everyone else cheered and began diving into the condiments, settling down in kitchen chairs and in the spacious living room.

Okay, wait. Hold on.

Why did Dream have vodka?

Skeppy didn't remember having vodka on the list of party drinks. Bad wasn't big on alcohol and Skeppy had doubted anyone would want to drink heavily at a welcome party, so the most he'd done was get a few beers. Where'd the vodka come from? And- okay, were those cocktail mixes?

Skeppy sighed. So much for a chill party. He didn't even know who'd put the drinks there - likely Dream, considering his bottle of vodka from earlier. Or just someone wanting an excuse to drink. Skeppy wasn't sure.

"Skeppy! I thought we agreed on light alcohol only!"

"We did!" Skeppy exclaimed, throwing his hands up in protest. "Someone just put out a bunch more drinks when I wasn't looking and now it's too late to get rid of them!"

Bad eyed him suspiciously. He didn't blame him - after all, trolling and lightheartedly lying to him *was* pretty common. Skeppy sighed and took out his phone, handing it to him with the party planning notes open.

"Here, here are the plans and lists I made for this! See, beer is the only alcoholic beverage on there! I swear everything else was put there by someone else."

Bad skimmed the notepad, frowning but nodding as he sighed. "We're going to end up with so many drunk people."

Skeppy nodded solemnly. "We definitely are."

“You’re not going to be one of them, right?” Bad asked, knowing that he would definitely at least get tipsy despite how he answered. Skeppy grinned, patting his shoulder.

“I won’t drink, I swear.”

“Promise?”

“No,” Skeppy responded automatically. “I don’t want to make a promise I’m probably going to break.”

“Aww,” Vurb said from behind them. “Isn’t that sweet.”

Skeppy and Bad jumped, Skeppy immediately sending a half hearted glare towards his direction. “What?!”

“Nothing, nothing,” Vurb waved him off, almost sassily leaning against the kitchen counter and smirking at them. “It’s nothing.”

Bad smiled. “How was your trip?”

“It was good!” Vurb replied. “I got lost at the airport twice but that’s irrelevant. I’m just super excited to be here!”

“Yeah!” Bad agreed, happily engaging in the conversation. Skeppy left them, moving on to say hello to everyone else.

Meanwhile, Dream wasn’t the only one drinking a bit aggressively. Fundy and Wilbur had also gotten themselves drinks alongside quite a few others, including but not limited to Red, Sam, Puffy, and George.

Sapnap had started a never have I ever drinking game, and at least half of the people had agreed to participate. It already looked chaotic, with Dream and George already giggling in the corner, Wilbur ranting about *something*, Tommy attempting to either murder or bribe Techno, and a good third of them already drinking quite heavily. Ranboo looked ready to pass out, since he had taken it upon himself to make sure no one somehow hurt themselves whilst drunk. Skeppy had decided on simply watching, wanting to at least stay somewhat sober for Bad.

Sapnap banged on the coffee table in a means of getting everyone’s attention. Everyone quieted save for the few people still in the kitchen, giving Sapnap their full attention.

“So. I’m sure you guys are aware that we’re playing never have I ever; the drinking version. Obviously the three - wait, Ranboo, are you playing? No? Okay, well, obviously, the two minors, Tommy and Tubbo, will not be drinking alcohol. Chances are, this is going to get a bit hectic, so if you want to leave, do it now.”

“And if you don’t want to answer a few questions, that’s okay!” Dream added, giggling. “Just say no and we’ll understand. Consent is the number one rule here!”

Sapnap pointed at Dream. “Yes. That. Alright, that being said, shall we begin the fun?”

Everyone cheered. Sapnap grinned.

“Alright, I’ll start us off. Remember, if you have done said thing, you take a drink. If you haven’t,

sit there and be lame. Okay. Never have I ever fallen in love with someone through the internet.”

Ant, Red, and Dream immediately took a sip from their drinks. After a slight hesitance, George took a sip as well.

Sapnap raised an eyebrow.

“Don’t you, Karl, and Quackity have to drink too?” Fundy asked.

“Depends. Does a mostly platonic relationship count?”

Everyone shrugged.

“I say you drink anyway,” Wilbur grinned, “It’s more fun.”

Sapnap shrugged, taking a sip. Karl and Quackity followed his lead, lifting their cups up to their mouths and drinking.

“Okay,” Sapnap said, wiping his lips with the back of his hand. “Dream, you go next.”

Dream’s response was almost automatic. “Never have I ever gone skinny dipping.”

Wilbur took a sip, sending Dream a glare. Quackity drank some too, laughing.

“Huh. I thought more of you guys would’ve gone skinny dipping before.” Dream shrugged thoughtfully. “Oh well. Techno, you go next.”

Techno cracked his knuckles, leaning back in his seat and sighing. “Never have I ever skipped school.”

Almost everyone immediately reached for their cups. Dream took three swigs, laughing, and nearly choking on his drink in the process. Quackity just watched them with mild horror in his eyes.

“Quackity, you’ve never skipped school before?”

“No?!”

“Nerd!”

“Techno, you’re literally an english major, you can’t call me a nerd.”

“At least I’ve skipped school before.”

“Okay, I’m leaving. This is bullying.”

Everyone laughed, Karl grabbing Quackity’s arm to prevent him from being able to leave. “Who’s going next?”

Techno looked around the room, thoroughly considering his choices before deciding on Eret.

“Never have I ever questioned my heterosexuality.”

He immediately took a sip, chuckling. Ant and Red followed, laughing.

Dream, after a clear moment of hesitance, reached for his bottle and took a small swig.

George also took a quick sip, but he went unnoticed.

Eret pointed at Tommy. “Go ahead, Tommy.”

“Ah, yes. I’ve been waiting for my turn.” Tommy laughed, rubbing his hands together. “Never have I ever used a twitch prime on twitch dot tv slash tommyinnit.”

Tubbo took multiple sips of his coke. Techno and Wilbur both drank to it as well.

“Fuck yeah! Let’s go! Everyone use twitch prime!”

Collective whoops of agreement filled the room. “Twitch prime!”

“Tubbo, my man! Big Law! Take it away!”

“Okay! Never have I ever been rejected! Relationship wise, because the number of times my school research topics have been rejected is just plain rude.”

Nearly everyone reached for their drinks, sighing. Techno laughed.

“Losers!”

“Techno, you’ve never been in a relationship, you can’t say shit!”

“Exactly. If you’re never searchin’ for a relationship you won’t ever get rejected. Done. Problem solved.”

“He had a point,” Tubbo confirmed. “Gogy, you can go next!”

“Oh, me?” George sighed. “Okay. Um, what’s a good question...”

“Just go with the first thing that you think of!”

“Okay, okay. Never have I ever gotten drunk to the point that you couldn’t remember what you did while you were drinking.”

“Is this targeted at me or something?” Fundy asked exasperatedly, taking a swig as Wilbur sighed and took a sip along with him. Karl and Punz also drank, Karl sighing deeply as he did so.

They went on like this for quite a bit, Ranboo slowly switching out their alcohol for water whenever they asked for refills. Tommy, Tubbo, and Techno left halfway through. Eret and several others who hadn’t been participating in the game also left with them, yawning and bidding goodnight to those who planned on staying up.

Karl had passed out on the beanbag remarkably early on. He had, to no one’s surprise, been a lightweight. Fundy and Wilbur were both on their way there as well, though they still had ways to go.

George and Sapnap were now dancing on the table, Dream watching them (read: literally just George) with a bit of an awed look. He was also holding Sapnap’s phone, recording them via Sapnap’s request. Some random song was being semi-blasted through the kitchen and living room, keeping everything lively despite half of the people being drunk and half-passed out.

“Hey, Wilbur, what if you went skinny dipping again?”

“Okay, no,” Ranboo interrupted almost immediately, sounding a little irritated and beyond exhausted, steering Fundy towards a corner and handing him a pillow. “No. You are now in the time out corner for ten minutes. Please remain silent during said duration unless you want your

time to be extended.”

Ranboo left him, returning not even a minute later with a water bottle. “Here,” He said, handing the bottle to an extremely drowsy Fundy. “Drink this as well.”

Fundy nodded, complying and chugging half of the bottle almost immediately. He looked at it with a confused look that quite obviously read, *is this alcohol or not?* But proceeded to immediately dismiss the thought and chug some more. Ranboo sighed, moving to hand Wilbur a water bottle as well.

“Hey, Dream,” George giggled from behind him. “I’m bored. I want to do something.”

Ranboo sighed again, turning to look at them. George, like he had been for the past who knows how long, was clinging onto Dream like a koala, (he was a clingy drunk, apparently,) hugging him tightly with his face pressed into his green hoodie, smiling contently and giggling every few seconds. Dream had his arm wrapped around him, holding him close.

Ranboo huffed. Somehow, Dream and George had gotten the most wasted of all of them and he somewhat regretted giving most of his attention to Wilbur and Fundy.

“We should go out and play on the trampoline,” Dream said. George gasped, nodding.

“Yeah?”

“Yeah!”

Ranboo watched as they got up and began running towards their backyard, stumbling and pointlessly shushing each other. Ranboo ran a hand down his face, giving up entirely for the night and just letting them go, praying that they didn’t accidentally hurt themselves.

Sapnap let out a low chuckle from where he was sitting. “They’re actual idiots,” He muttered fondly. “Wait, I need a picture of them. I’m going to put it on twitter and get so much clout. Or questions. Or both, I don’t really care. Ow, my head. God, I’m gonna have a headache tomorrow, aren’t I?”

Ranboo just handed him a water bottle robotically. Sapnap thanked him, twisting the cap off and chugging a bit of it before pulling out his phone and following Dream and George out into the terribly lit backyard. Laughter could be heard seeping through the open door, the occasional yelp and scream indicating that it was indeed George and Dream out there.

“I hate it here,” Ranboo moaned. “Why do I put up with this. Why do I let myself suffer through this. Why, just *why*. ”

Bad came up and handed him a soda, patting his back sympathetically. “You’ll get used to it eventually. Though I do feel bad; they’re kind of difficult to control.”

“You don’t say,” Ranboo grumbled. “They’re like a group of preschoolers who have the sass level of a high school rebel. At this point I think trying to control them wasted is easier than trying to control them tipsy or mediocre drunk. That made no sense. Oh well.”

“You did a good job, don’t worry,” Philza offered, patting Ranboo’s shoulder. “Dealing with drunk people isn’t the easiest thing to do. You’ve done well.”

‘Thank you,’ Ranboo said.

Philza nodded. "Would you like to go to bed? We can clean up here."

"Oh, no, that's okay," Ranboo replied, shaking his head. "I can stay and help, no worries. I'm not that tired anyway, just a bit mentally done with basically everyone here."

"I felt that," Bad said, sighing as he guided a half asleep Skeppy towards the stairs. "One sec, I'll be right back. Skeppy doesn't want to walk up the stairs by himself."

"Those two are totally clueless too," Philza declared as soon as they were out of hearing range. Ranboo snorted, setting down his can of sprite and stretching out his arms a bit. "Definitely."

"You should probably go check on Dream and the gang; they've been outside for a bit and personally, I wouldn't trust them being outside by themselves for more than five minutes when they're drunk."

"Oh, wait, you're probably right," Ranboo answered. "I'll be right back."

He left to go check on said people, rubbing his eyes a bit and sticking his hands in his pockets in an attempt to keep them warm. Dream and George both appeared to have collapsed into giggles on the trampoline, Sapnap standing a little ways away from them taking picture after picture after picture. Ranboo sighed, mentally suiting up to get them back inside.

He took a few steps forward, clearing his throat and getting ready to call out, only to be elbowed harshly in the side. He glanced down; Sapnap was glaring at him, a finger pressed against his lips to tell him to shut up.

Ranboo raised an eyebrow, feeling slightly confused until he followed his gaze back to the trampoline.

Dream and George were acting like children, jumping around and giggling like idiots. They were stumbling slightly, but appeared to be having the time of their lives.

Sapnap let out a short, breathy laugh from beside him.

"It's sweet, isn't it?" he whispered, a caring expression flickering across his features momentarily, before it reappeared and seemed to camp there. "Look," he murmured.

Ranboo's eyes snapped back to the trampoline, and a smile found its way into his face at the sight.

The both of them appeared to have fallen over completely at some point, and were now seated next to each other, Dream with an arm around George's shoulders and the other raised towards the sky, pointing out - what Ranboo guessed were - various constellations to him.

Sapnap nudged him with his shoulder, nodding back towards the house.

"They'll be alright," he vowed. "Let's go. I'm cold."

The both of them cast one final look before turning, heading back towards the house and being greeted with quite a shock the moment they walked through the door.

Fundy appeared to have fallen asleep, and Wilbur was creeping towards him with a marker in his hand.

Well, Ranboo knew where this was going.

It was going to be a long night.

let the chaos begin

Chapter Summary

breakfast, shopping, and pizza

Chapter Notes

rea: this author note was written by rea because shes the only one with part of a braincell left after todays. events.

we're posting this in the middle of the sapnap patches picture meltdown. :)) this may or may not be on purpose, youll never know. right as we finished this mars proceeded to go fucking insane on discord because sapnap dropped that picture. enjoy. take this while we go cry

jem: thank you guys so much for the support??? like,,,,, we didn't expect to get as many as 1.3k+ hits and over 200 kudos like,,, we're so glad you guys are enjoying this :DDD (also yes w're fucking screaming and halving a meltdown in the discord and ive made over 30 typos typing my message don't be fooled i fixed all of them)

oli: *distant screaming*

The next morning arose slowly.

Everyone had ended up crashing by four am, and by the time the first person (aka H, one of the few with an actual sleep schedule) had risen, it was well past lunchtime.

HBomb made his way downstairs with a yawn, combing his hair back with his hands. He stopped and stared at the sight of multiple people passed out in the living room, the most obvious being the dream team trio sleeping next to each other with Fundy sleeping in a corner with only a pillow, Karl snoring lightly on the hot pink bean bag that was most definitely not where it was supposed to be. He chuckled, snapping a few pictures for future blackmail and leverage purposes before making his way into the kitchen.

From there, he dug around the fridge in search of ingredients or any sort of supplies to make a decent breakfast with. He settled on the huge collection of eggs and bacon, deciding on a classic egg and bacon breakfast.

But of course, he couldn't start cooking without an apron.

He grinned to himself when he managed to find a *Kiss the Cook* apron, immediately putting it on and lighting the oven.

Twenty minutes later, the smell of freshly cooked eggs and bacon was wafting through the house. H sighed when he realized there were no hash browns anywhere in the house, settling for leaving

out a toaster and loaf of bread instead. If people wanted toast to go with their eggs and bacon, they could make it themselves.

Tommy had appeared at one point during the small duration that H had used to go to the bathroom, his slouched form scaring him at first glance. HBomb took a deep breath when he realized that it was just the six foot three gremlin of a child and not some stranger, debating on whether he should scare him or not.

He decided not to, instead opting to create some small noises as he returned to the kitchen in an attempt to alert Tommy of his presence but not wake the others. It worked, since Tommy turned around slightly to look at him before immediately turning back to whatever was in front of him.

“Good morning Tommy,” he greeted, smiling at Tommy. Tommy simply grumbled, mumbling a nearly indistinguishable “Good morning” back.

“Isn’t it technically the afternoon though?”

If H jumped six feet in the air and nearly screamed, no one needed to know.

“When did *you* get here?!” H accused, turning around abruptly to stare (glare? probably glare.) at Sam. Tommy burst out laughing behind him.

“I’ve been here for a bit, actually,” Sam shrugged, opening the fridge and reaching for the orange juice. He waved at the food sitting on the counter. “Can I eat that or do I have to wait for more people to wake up?”

“I mean, go ahead, it’s free real estate. But actually, *how long have you been down here.*”

“Eh, maybe an hour or so?” Sam said, pouring himself a glass of orange juice. “I was in the living room though, so it’s not that surprising that you didn’t notice me. *And* I’ve been told I’m really sneaky when it comes to walking around.”

“You might as well as be invisible, I didn’t even hear you come down the stairs! And you’re - what, six foot seven? What did you even do in the living room? There are like seven people passed out and occupying literally all the available space in the living room.”

“Nothing too interesting,” Sam said, pulling out an erasable marker from his pocket. “Just thought I’d make their sleeping faces look a bit nicer.”

Tommy, who had just calmed down, burst out laughing again. Sam smiled mischievously.

“Wow, okay,” HBomb said, his face morphed into a look of surprise. “I didn’t think you of all people would be one to do something like that.”

Sam laughed. “I’ve been told I’m a wild card,” he said, pocketing the marker and pulling out a plate. “I never seem like that at first though, so it always catches new people by surprise.”

He helped himself to a fairly large portion of the food and sat down next to Tommy, who had calmed down once more and was now scrolling through twitter.

“Everyone’s just crying about Dream not streaming,” he grumbled, shoving a piece of toast into his mouth. “Dream’s not streaming, oh no, boo-hoo. Can I get something else on my twitter feed, *please?*”

“Sad,” Sam commented, pulling out his phone to go through his own twitter. “You *could*,

theoretically, complain about it to him.”

“He literally only listens to his mum and Gogy,” Tommy said, rolling his eyes. “And if good old Gogy can’t get him to stream, *I* sure as hell can’t.”

“Well, it doesn’t hurt to try, does it?”

Tommy shrugged. “Suppose not.”

“Good morning,” a new voice joined in abruptly, yawning. HBomb peeked his head from around the open fridge to say hello.

“Niki!” H greeted, attempting and failing to wave his arms in a means of greeting her. “Good morning!”

“Good morning, H! Good morning Sam! And Tommy too, good morning!”

“Good morning!” Sam and Tommy repeated back in synchronization. Niki smiled, moving in to help H with the millions of things he was carrying. “Would you like help with breakfast?”

“That’d be awesome, thank you!”

As Niki began helping HBomb with breakfast, more people came filing in, drawn down by the smell of bacon wafting through the house. Somehow, Sapnap had been the only person who’d crashed in the living room to rise, everyone else still fast asleep in their respective places, weird positions and all. No one mentioned his newly grown marker mustache.

The kitchen and dining room settled down rather quickly, everyone either too busy stuffing themselves or simply too tired to talk. Dream and George eventually came and joined them, still essentially attached by the hip and whispering quietly to each other. H sighed as he leaned against the kitchen counter and watched them all eat, bed heads untamed and eyes still tired.

In fact, very few people appeared to be even half awake, let alone fully awake.

“Are we going to get house rules?” Ranboo asked, yawning slightly at the end of the questions. Murmurs of agreement rose.

Dream put a hand to his forehead, holding his other hand up in a clear indicator that said *let me think for a minute*.

“Okay,” He finally said, aggressively and abruptly slamming his hand down on the dining room table, successfully terrifying the fuck out of several people. “First things first.”

He gazed around the room, sending chills through everyone and very possibly dropping the temperature a little.

“Consent or bye bitch,” He declared with no context.

The room stilled.

They sat in silence, all of them staring at Dream in either confusion or surprise.

“Well,” Ant finally said, picking up his fork to eat some more eggs. “That sounds like a pretty good rule.”

Dream nodded. “Consent is very important, whether the intention is sexual or not. Now, the second

rule is, no screaming or loud noises between one and five am, since at least *one person* will be trying to maintain their sleep schedule. Elaborating on that, the third rule is that if two-thirds or more of the house is asleep, yelling and loud noises aren't permitted either. Am I clear?"

Murmurs of "yes" and "understood" rang through the dining room.

"Okay! Also, try and get up by three. Uh, the next rule is that everyone should pitch in ten to thirty dollars every week for groceries. Don't pay the minimum ten dollars the whole time though, because if you do I *will* make you pay a minimum of fifty dollars for three weeks. Understood?"

Everyone nodded.

"Okay, excellent! Now, since we'll be having roommates and all, this is a very important rule. For the sake of keeping this move in a secret, *check to make sure your roommate isn't streaming before walking into your room*. Please. Whoever screws that up is getting locked out of the house for three days." Dream paused, looking around the room in a means of intimidation. "I think everyone understood that as well. The next thing on our rules list is that everyone will take turns getting the groceries and cleaning the house. If we have a meal where at least a third of the people show up, like this one, whoever didn't cook helps clean. If you break something and the repair costs more than 5k, you're paying for it yourself, because *you* did that to yourself."

"Just a quick intermission," Techno interrupted, holding his hand up. "May I add a quick rule?"

"Oh, sure," Dream said, caught off guard. "Go ahead."

"Whatever you do, don't say Quackity is four foot two. He hit me for it yesterday."

The room burst out laughing.

"You fucking deserved it, you pig!" Quackity exclaimed.

"Your punches couldn't have been any stronger than a babies," Techno deadpanned.

Quackity sputtered, cheeks going red as he stood up aggressively in his chair and pointed his fork at him. "Shut *up!* "

"Settle down children, settle down," Dream said. "While we're at it, I might as well just make it a rule that fighting during meals should be kept at a minimum. Make sure to keep the spare offices clean; multiple people use those setups in the case of wanting or needing to stream at the same time as their roommates. Green screens are essentially mandatory now, sadly, but those are going to be provided, so don't worry about having to buy one. You're also responsible for keeping your own rooms and bathrooms clean. If we have guests over, *try* to get up at a reasonable time. If you have pets and your pet shits on the floor anywhere, *you're* cleaning it up. You can't switch roommates unless you have a genuine reason, so if your reason is because your roommates are having weird conversations at four in the morning, you're just going to have to deal with it. And uh, I think that's it!"

"For now," Jimmy added.

"For now," Dream confirmed. "Any complaints? Questions? Concerns?"

"How do we know who we're rooming with?" Ranboo asked. "Last night we were just kinda told to find a room with an empty bed to sleep."

"Oh, yes!" Dream said cheerfully, clapping his hands together. "About that! We have like,

sketched out ideas for who we want to room with who, but we're going to leave the final decision up to you. The only people who don't get a say in who they're rooming with are the four minors here; you guys are all stuck together."

Tommy made a face at that. Tubbo poked him, giving him the 'be nice' look.

"So what are the pairings you had in mind?"

"Well, here's the list," Dream offered, sliding a piece of crumpled paper to the center of the table. "Some make more sense than others, but again, the final decision is up to you. Everyone read through the list and voice any complaints you guys have."

There was a good fifteen minutes of quiet chatter as everyone read through the list, somehow managing to pass around the paper without damaging it in any way, shape, or form. Everyone talked among themselves, chatting with their potential roommate to see if they were alright with the pairings or not.

"HBomb has agreed to swap with me," Sam voiced first, leaning back in his seat. "Eret's cool with it as well."

"Okay! We're switching H and Sam then; anyone else?"

"Can I get a room to myself?" Fundy asked.

"If we have enough rooms, yeah," Dream said. "We probably do, so I don't think you'll have to worry. Anyone else?"

"Why am I rooming with you?" George joked.

"Because you love me, obviously," Dream shot back immediately. "Now, is that it?"

George chuckled to himself. Everyone else nodded in response to the question, and Dream smiled. "Cool! I'm sure you've noticed the whiteboards hanging on all the bedroom doors; they're going to be temporary placeholders for name plaques I plan on getting. I'll go around and write the names down so everyone can get settled in as quickly as possible, but while I do that, I need some people to go shopping. Anyone up for the job?"

Chaos ensued almost immediately. Everyone began talking and yelling over each other, arguing and fighting about who would go out.

Bad sighed.

A loud, sudden *thunk* silenced the room remarkably successfully. Several heads turned the source of the noise, a kitchen knife driven halfway into the rich dark wood table by none other than Bad.

"Let's do this in an organized manner, shall we?" Bad's smile was cheerful, warm, welcoming. If it weren't for him still holding the knife handle, no one would've believed that it had been Bad who'd stabbed the table.

Everyone nodded nervously.

Bad grinned happily. "Great! No more yelling then!"

In the end, they decided that Tommy, Tubbo, Ranboo, Finn, and Spifey would go, with Wilbur and Philza tagging along as a supervisor of sorts.

Several people also walked away that day with a newfound fear of Bad.

Having Tommy and Wilbur within a five foot radius of each other was a terrible idea, and, admittedly, a safety hazard.

Generally, having Tommy within the radius of most people was a bad idea. But somehow Wilbur was just worse.

So far, they'd managed to get four minutes into the half hour ride to the nearest supermarket and a phone had already been lost, three windows nearly broken, a seat belt snapped, someone got elbowed in the face and another got kicked in the shins, and seventeen very different topics had been explored and argued about.

At least half of that was because of Tommy and Wilbur.

Philza sighed as he prayed to whoever was out there that he'd make it back to the house alive.

And for everyone else in the car. Poor Ranboo and Tubbo were smashed together in the back talking about something over the screaming match Tommy and Wilbur were having. Finn looked ready to throw himself out the car, and Spifey already looked half dead.

The half hour drive was gruesome. The lost phone was found as soon as everyone stumbled out of the car and took a second to breathe, the split second of quiet allowing everyone to collect themselves a little bit. Phil mentally prepared himself for the next hour or two, knowing that they were either going to get kicked out of the store or break something rather important. He *had* been given extra money in case of that happening though, so at least he didn't need to worry about repair costs and such.

"Ready to go?" He asked the group of six people, some jumping up and down excitedly (Tommy) and others leaning against the car hood.

Everyone cheerfully nodded. Phil smiled, swinging the car keys around his finger once before pocketing them, motioning for everyone to head into the supermarket.

"Hello, welcome to Pot's Groceries!" A cheerful voice greeted them as soon as they stepped through the door.

"Hello, bitch!" Tommy responded unnecessarily.

Philza sighed. Wilbur hit Tommy, scolding him and sending the employee an apologetic look. "Don't be disrespectful," he hissed.

"I'll do as I please," Tommy responded snarkily.

"Tommy," Philza said, already feeling his brain cells dying out. "Please go apologize."

"Yes, Phil," He grumbled after a minute of glaring challengingly at him. Phil watched him shuffle up to the employee, who's name tag read 'Will,' and mumble what he hoped was a good apology. Tommy walked back, hands stuffed in his pockets.

"Thank you," Phil said. "Now, Dream gave me a shopping list, so we're going to split up to get the things. Spifey, Finn, and Wil, take this list and get everything on it. Tommy, Tubbo, and Ranboo, you three will come with me to get everything on the other list. Do not break anything during the shopping process. Understood?"

Everyone nodded, and the group of seven split off to go find the items on their list. Philza sighed, steering Tommy away from where he was making rude hand gestures at Wilbur's back.

"Alright," Phil said, unfolding the shopping list and skimming through it. "We should get all the boxed and canned things first, so we can put all the fresh foods on top. Tommy, Tubbo, get a cart and get cereals, instant noodles, and as many chips as you can grab. Ranboo, I'd like you to get all the canned goods. Fruit, beans, veggies, whatever. I'll get the rest. When you're done just wait at checkout, alright?"

"Yessir," Ranboo and Tubbo responded. Tommy grinned and gave a salute.

"Good. Now get to work."

"Why is ice cream written in all caps and underlined in red?" Finn asked, laughing at the stark contrast it had compared to everything else on the list. "Frozen pizza is like that too, oh my."

"Because it's *important*, why else?" Spifey answered rather passive aggressively, dumping seven containers of ice cream into their shopping cart. "Pizza and ice cream are like absolute necessities in life. Of *course* they'd be written in caps and underlined in red."

"Oh, sorry, my bad," Finn said, rolling his eyes. "Anyways, we need to get lasagna too while we're here. And other frozen goods."

"I'm back!" Wilbur declared from behind them, moving in to set down several milk cartons in their cart. "I will now depart once more to get juice containers."

"Alright, don't die!" Finn waved cheerfully as Wilbur pranced away, knowing it was literally pointless since the store was so small but doing it anyways because it was fun. "Make sure you get some cheese too; we need some."

"Will do!" Wilbur shouted from around the corner.

"This is remarkably peaceful," Spifey commented, dumping six more ice cream buckets into the cart. "I thought that with Tommy here--"

A loud scream followed by a yelp interrupted him.

"You jinxed it," Finn said pointedly, glaring lightheartedly at Spifey. He grumbled, rolling his eyes as he moved to grab frozen pizza out of the store fridges. "Sure I did."

"You totally did. I don't take criticism."

"Whatever helps you sleep at night."

Finn rolled his eyes. "Uh-huh. Anyways, we need to go get--"

A loud scream interrupted him.

"Oh my god!" A voice that clearly belonged to Tubbo yelled. "What the hell! Tommy! You're going to get us kicked out!"

"Sorry!" Was the very loud, semi-guilty response.

Someone else, probably Philza, said something to the two that got them to quiet down.

Finn gave Spifey a pointed look. "See? You one hundred percent jinxed it."

Spifey just groaned.

Somehow, they managed to get everything without causing any mass destruction.

Philza was extremely glad about this. He didn't want the one supermarket around for several miles to hate them.

"Alright, alright," He said to the group, thankful that they weren't at each other's throats. "We're going to pick up some food for everyone before heading back; any suggestions?"

"Pizza," Everyone answered in unison. Philza laughed.

"Pizza it is," he said. "Alright, everyone, get in the car."

Everyone cheered, piling in. Philza pulled up the map on his phone and searched for the nearest pizza place, going with the only available option, Pizza Hut.

The drive there was short and, surprisingly, quiet.

"I want pepperoni," Spifey said the second Pizza Hut came into view.

"Cheese is superior though," Finn argued.

"Sausage pizza is the best," Tommy declared, voicing his opinions on the topic. "Pepperoni and cheese are both inferior compared to sausage."

"Now, now," Philza interrupted before the argument could progress any further. "We'll be getting as many different kinds as possible, you guys can relax. If you absolutely must argue about what kind of pizza is the best, save it for when we get home, please."

They grumbled, but quieted down nonetheless. Philza smiled.

When Philza ordered twenty five pizzas, the Pizza Hut employee gave him such a bewildered look that he couldn't help but laugh lightly, explaining that he lived with a ton of people. The employee nodded, though they appeared to be even more confused than before. Philza chuckled lightly.

"Do you do deliveries?" he asked.

"We do! Would you like your order delivered?"

"Yes, please," Philza said. "Where should I write the address down?"

"Here," The employee said, sliding a notepad across the counter with a pen. "The pizza will be done in about half an hour, and delivery time will depend on how far away you live. There's also a delivery fee that you'll pay when the pizza arrives - are you alright with that?"

"That's fine," Philza said. "Is that all?"

"I believe so!"

"Alright!" Philza gave the employee a smile. "Thank you!"

“Thank you for coming! Have a great day!”

“You as well!”

Philza waved as he left, giving the employee a smile.

He had a feeling this Pizza Hut would be getting a lot of business in the future.

When Philza returned, the house was on fire.

Well. Not literally. But it sure was metaphorically.

There was a lot of laughter mixed in with screaming. Sapnap was repeatedly apologizing for something, which Dream appeared to be waving off, his expression a cross between mild distress and amusement. George looked like he was either going to die or commit a murder. Skeppy was on the floor, curled into a ball and shaking violently. Vurb was smirking at George. Bad appeared to be trying (and failing miserably) at getting everyone to calm down.

“What happened here?” Philza asked, the people he’d gone out with piling in from behind with groceries in hand.

“Drunk decisions from last night,” Sam answered, chuckling. “Are those all the groceries?”

“Yup. Who’s drunk decision was it?”

“Sapnap’s. I’m surprised we didn’t notice this morning; twitter and tik tok are on *fire* right now. Do you guys want some help with those bags?”

“Yes, please,” Spifey groaned, handing Sam a bag. “My arms are dying.”

Sam laughed. “You guys should check in with twitter; some of the theories circling around are really funny.”

“So what exactly happened?” Ranboo asked, also handing Sam and thanking him.

“Sapnap posted a really shaky tik tok of him and George dancing and a picture of Dream and George stargazing from last night on twitter. All kinds of theories are flying through twitter and tik tok and every other social media platform there is. It’s really funny.”

Philza laughed. “So are they trying to figure out how to explain it or something?”

“Essentially, yeah.”

Phil chuckled, taking the remaining bags from Ranboo and setting them on the counter to sort through.

“What if we just *don’t* explain anything?” George declared loudly. Philza watched the scene unfold, an amused grin on his face.

“Are you kidding?” Dream said, groaning. “It’ll never go away. Plus, I think we should offer at least some sort of clarification.”

“Yeah, definitely,” Sapnap moaned. “Twitter has so many questions right now. People think I’m *dating* someone. I need to clarify before people start getting misinformed. I can’t believe I did that though; I’m still super sorry about the trampoline picture.”

“I don’t think anyone will be able to identify it’s us, so it’s fine. Now, in the tik tok, on the other hand, it’s way easier to identify George. Our main problem here is figuring out an excuse for that,” Dream said, dragging a hand down his face.

“Just say it’s a cousin or family friend at a birthday party who just happens to look kind of like George,” Bad suggested. “The video was shaky, right? It should be a good enough excuse to get by.”

“You’re a literal lifesaver, Bad,” Sapnap cried, throwing himself onto him. Bad caught him, grunting.

“You still need to explain the picture,” he grumbled, pushing Sapnap off. “And I don’t have any ideas for that one.”

“Your caption makes it worse,” Dream added unhelpfully. “You said, and I quote, ‘dumbasses smh.’ How are we supposed to come up with a good excuse?”

“Literally just say it’s two of your friends who won’t get together,” Vurb said, reaching for a banana. “You’re going to use Bad’s ‘friend at a birthday party’ excuse, right? Just build on that and say two friends also at the party are oblivious and refuse to get together or something.”

“Wait, that’s a genius idea,” Sapnap said, bolting upright from the floor. “Oh my god, you guys are lifesavers. Literal gods, I say.”

“You’re welcome,” Vurb said as Bad gave him a smile.

Sapnap pulled out his phone, rapidly beginning to type. Dream and George watched, pointing out poor wording and voicing their opinions on how to make it sound better. It was over remarkably quickly, Sapnap slumping down on one of the sofas.

“I hope that’s all I’ll have to do,” Sapnap mumbled into the sofa cushions. “I’d hate it if we had to lie any more than that to our fans.” Next to him, Dream nodded solemnly in agreement.

George just sighed.

@ihopethisisntarealuser
sapnap? sir? that picture? i? the caption?? please explain??

@pleasedontactuallyexist
DID SAPNAP MEET UP WITH SOMEONE HUH

@hahagogynotinexclusiveclub
WHY IS MY TL ON FIRE AND IN SHAMBLES I JUST WOKE UP HUH WTF IS HAPPENING
PLS SOMEONE EXPLAIN TO ME

→ *@userdontberealpls*

Replying to @hahagogynotinexclusiveclub sapnap posted a tiktok of him and someone who looks suspiciously like george dancing and this!

<https://twitter.com/sapnap/dnfstargazingbutnooneknowsitsthem>

→ *@hahagogynotinexclusiveclub*

Replying to @userdontberealpls THANK U OMG WHATTTTTTTTTTTT

@someotheruserihopeisntreal
is,,, is it a dream team meetup,,, or a sapnap/dream meetup,,,,,,,,, or maybe even a george/sapnap meetup,,,,, please,,,,,

@sapnap

hey guys! regarding the tiktok and picture i posted yesterday: i was at a birthday party for one of my friends and got a bit drunk and ended up posting them. the picture is of two of my friends who are so in love but just won't get together (please help me get them together)

→ @sapnap

Replying to @sapnap and the tik tok is just a clip of me dancing with one of them. just to clear things up 😊 nothing too interesting, sorry!

“Twitter is in tears,” Ranboo mentioned out of the blue about half an hour later, a good chunk of the people downstairs waiting for the pizza to arrive. “I think you just single-handedly crushed all of their hopes and dreams, Sapnap.”

That caused Dream to choke on his water, nearly spitting it out before breaking out into his signature wheeze. George gave him a concerned look, patting his back lightly.

Spanap sighed deeply once more.

“It’s not too bad,” Bad commented. “People seem to believe the excuse; nobody that I’ve seen so far has said anything about not believing it. I think you’re gonna get away with this pretty easily.”

“I still feel bad about lying,” Sapnap said into another sofa cushion.

“Don’t worry, I do too,” Dream said. “Phil, when’s the pizza getting here?”

“No idea. Likely sometime in the next fifteen minutes if I had to guess though.”

Dream nodded, flopping down on the couch next to Sapnap. “Guess we’ll wait some more then.”

Almost as if on cue, the doorbell rang. Everyone bolted upright, some immediately rushing to open the door.

“Er, twenty five pizzas for delivery?”

“Yup!” Karl said, taking the many boxes from the employee’s hands. “Thank you!”

“There’s an twelve dollar delivery fee with-”

“Here,” Skeppy interrupted, handing them a hundred dollar bill. “Keep the change and have a great day! Thanks for the pizza!” He gave them one last wave before promptly shut the door on their face.

“Pizza!” He cheered. “Let’s eat!”

Everyone else cheered loudly, piling into the kitchen and messily opening all the boxes in search for a favored pizza kind.

“There’s hawaiiin? Fuck yeah!”

“Ew, pineapples on pizza.”

“Shut up! Pineapples on pizza is great!”

“Wow, is this sausage pizza?!”

“Where’s the cheese?”

“Here!”

“Do we have soda?”

“Wait, do we?”

“We do!” Fundy yelled triumphantly, holding a large bottle of root beer above his head. “We have a huge variety too!”

“Is there Sprite? Oh, yes, there’s Sprite. This is wonderful,” Ranboo said, pulling out a bottle of Sprite. “I love it here.”

Everyone chatted happily as they ate. At one point, someone turned on one of Dream’s manhunts on the TV, causing lots of sudden yelling and teasing. Sapnap pulled Dream into a headlock, managing to give him a noogie before Dream turned the tables, throwing Sapnap on the ground and wrestling him. Bad watched, laughing with George as Sapnap attempted to get Dream below him, kneeling him in the stomach and lightly punching him.

“Ow, Sap, fuck you!” Dream yelped. “That hurt!”

“No mercy!” Sapnap screamed.

“No mercy! No mercy for you!” Wilbur quoted from behind them, laughing.

“Sapnap, I think you should just admit defeat,” Bad said, his phone pulled out for filming. “Dream definitely won this one.”

“No, no, keep going!” Karl objected. “I believe in you, Sapnap!”

“Yeah!” Quackity cheered. “Sapnap’s the better one! Keep going, you’ll beat him eventually!”

After another moment of struggling, Sapnap went limp. “No, I think Bad’s right here. Dream, you win; can I go back to my pizza now?”

“Okay,” Dream agreed, rolling off of him and sitting up, cross legged. Bad clicked the end recording button, saving the video for the future.

“Ow, my arms,” Sapnap groaned, rubbing his wrists and shaking them a bit. Dream grinned apologetically, scratching the back of his head.

“Sorry,” he offered. “I might’ve been a bit *too* harsh.”

“I’m going to head up now,” Sam said before Sapnap could respond. “I haven’t streamed in a while and I’ve got a project that I want to finish up.”

Everyone nodded.

“Wait, actually, speaking up streams,” Quackity piped up. “I’m thinking of doing another jackbox stream tonight; anyone want in?”

Several people immediately began speaking, enthusiastically volunteering. Quackity blinked, as if he hadn’t expected this many people to want to participate.

“Okay, okay. I’m thinking of a number between one and a hundred; anyone who guesses it right first try gets a confirmed spot for today. Okay, does everyone have a number?”

Everyone nodded.

“Okay. From left to right, tell me your numbers.”

“Eighty eight.”

“Thirty one.”

“Thirty eight.”

“Seventy six.”

“Forty two.”

“Twenty nine.”

“Sixty nine!”

“Eleven.”

“Uh, seventeen?”

“Fourteen.”

“Twenty two.”

“Twenty nine.”

“Fifty six.”

“My number was twenty nine; Wilbur, Sam, you both got your spots reserved, congrats! Everyone else, I’m gonna put your names in a random selector and choose five more of you guys.”

They all watched as Quackity typed in their names into his phone, the random selector spinning as it considered it’s options.

It landed on Karl.

“Let’s go!” He whooped.

Quackity patted his back, grinning as he tapped his screen to respin. “And..... Ranboo! Welcome to the gang!”

Ranboo gave a thumbs up.

“Tommy! Our next contestant!”

Tommy cheered, grinning widely. “I’m going to win, just you wait!”

“Who said there was going to be a prize? Anyways, Fundy, welcome to the stream that will take place in the near future.”

“Hell yeah!”

“Okay, okay, and the last person is.....”

Everyone held their breaths as the selector spun around.

“Sapnap!” Quackity declared. “Oh, this is going to be fun!”

Sapnap grinned back at him. “It *so* is.”

“Well, have fun then!” Dream said, slinking back into the kitchen. “Don’t get cancelled!”

“No promises!” Sapnap said, laughing.

“Get cancelled,” George said in a flat tone, face serious. “Do it. Everyone, get Sapnap cancelled.”

“No, no one is getting cancelled on my stream today,” Quackity butted in. “Well, at least I hope not. But no, we’re not going to *try* to get cancelled.”

“Sure,” George said, dragging out the e.

“George, don’t be like this, man.”

“Okay, okay,” George said, breaking out into light laughter. “Really, have fun. And yeah, try not to get cancelled. That’s never fun.”

“Thanks, George.” Quackity grinned. “Maybe I’ll let you in on the next jackbox stream so I can roast the hell out of you.”

George, who’d just turned around to head upstairs, paused and turned to look back at him. He stared at him for a solid minute before saying:

“I take it back; please get cancelled.”

Quackity began sputtering. Behind them, Bad sighed.

i'm gonna need you to bail me outta jail

Chapter Summary

techno: officer, i genuinely don't know who that was, he just looked annoying so i just lightly pushed him down some stairs

officer: sir, the legal forms say that he was your adoptive brother

techno: well, in my defense, that's really not my fault

Chapter Notes

jem: what the frickin frack thank you for all the support?? you guys are fucking great
holy crap thank you guys
please enjoy we're having a great time writing this
also pls read the end notes :DD
(we're going to ignore the fact that i forgot to do the chap title and had to come back)

rea: fun fact: i pulled out my sherlock detective skills to come up with those jackbox theories. be proud pls. anyways uh. tysm for all the positive responses on this fic so far! it means a lot and we read every single comment we get!

mars: we're aware tommy's last name isn't watson but it was either that or thomas
minecraft stick with us here please

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Ello chat!” Quackity greeted his viewers, grinning. “Hey guys! How are you guys? How was your day?”

The chat flew by, several *Hi!’s* getting washed away by spams of *Good!* and other variations of that answer. Quackity chuckled.

“Yeah! So, as you guys probably already know, we’re playing jackbox tonight, and today we’re joined by Sapnap, Karl, Tommy, Wilbur, Sam, Fundy, and Ranboo!”

The chat immediately filled up with names of the participants.

“Yeah, yeah! It’s going to be really fun; I’m looking forward to it! There’s no prize this time - I might have one the next time we play jackbox though, so if you don’t want to miss it, hit the follow button and turn on the notifications!”

Quackity paused for a moment, clicking on something before typing. “Okay!” He said, looking back into his camera. “I’m going to join the call now. They’re all there waiting on me.”

When he joined the call, he was greeted with yelling.

A lot of yelling. Or just tons of noise - Quackity wasn't positive which one was more accurate. There were, like, fourteen conversations happening at once.

"What do you *mean* pineapples are great on pizza?! Pineapples on pizza is an absolutely *horrendous* combination!"

"So, Ranboo, how was your day?"

"Fundy, *stop trying to scam me!*"

"What do you *mean* pineapples on pizza is a bad combination? You just have bad taste!"

"I'm not *scamming* you, I'm *bribing* you!"

"It was pretty good! I went shopping and stuff, you know? It was a good day."

"This is literally everything *but* bribing!"

"No, pineapples on pizza is terrible and shouldn't exist. You know something else that also shouldn't exist? Anteaters-"

"Hello!" Quackity interrupted, knowing that once Wilbur started on one of his anteater rants, he'd go on for at *least* half an hour. "I'm here! Are we ready to start?"

"No, Fundy is trying to *scam* me-"

"Yes, yes we are!" Ranboo interrupted, exasperation in his voice. "Let's start!"

"Great! So, anything against starting with a good old round of quiplash?"

A chorus of "no"s rang through the call.

"Okay, so the code starts with a b and ends in e," Karl said the second Quackity sent them the code. Sam sighed.

"Nonononono, don't leak the code! Aww, no, Karl, look what you've done," Quackity sighed when a person named Lily joined. "Now I have to make another game."

"Don't leak the code," Quackity warned seriously when he sent the new code. "I swear I *will* kick you. I have at least five other people who offered to show up tonight; you won't be missed."

Everyone muttered their agreements. Quackity let out a sigh when he managed to start the game with no problems.

Halfway through the second round, however, he was interrupted.

"Hey, Quackity," Skeppy started, luckily too far away for the mic to pick up his voice properly. "Can I-"

"Nononono! Ssss- no, stop moving, I'm live right now, please, stop, yes, okay, thank you." Quackity quickly paused to mute his mic before turning to give Skeppy, who was just barely out of frame, his attention.

"What the fuck were you thinking, man?!"

"I'm sorry! I kinda forgot that you were streaming!"

“How do you just *forget*?”

“I don’t know!” Skeppy exclaimed, gesturing around wildly. “I’ll come back later - have a fun stream!”

“What are we going to tell twitter?!” Quackity yelled at the retreating figure of Skeppy.

Skeppy just shrugged, giving him a peace sign before shutting the door on him. Quackity stared at the door before sighing and returning to the stream, unmuting and apologizing for disappearing.

For the rest of the night, he played on edge, praying that no one else would walk in and give him a near heart attack.

Somehow, his prayers were answered, because the most eventful thing that happened afterwards was Sam and Ranboo absolutely *destroying* everyone in almost all the games they played.

Quackity made a mental note to invite them to future jackbox games.

“What did you guys do,” was the first thing out of Dream’s mouth when Quackity made his way downstairs after the stream in search of some food.

“It was all Skeppy,” Quackity automatically deflected.

“Okay, what’d *he* do then?”

“Uhm.” Quackity hesitated. “Well. He may or may not have almost accidentally walked into frame while I was streaming.”

Dream stared at him before sighing and waving it off. “Well, that happened much quicker than I anticipated, but what can you expect? We have over thirty people living under one roof - of course there’s going to be accidents and miscommunication.” He gave quackity a pointed look. “You guys managed to catch twitter on fire again though; there are theories being passed around like pokémon cards right now.”

“Oops?” Quackity offered.

Dream just laughed.

@welcometoplsdontbereal

why did q mute who came in why did in the little bit before he muted why did the other person sound like skeppy please can we get answers

@djskdjskdnkaks

WAS THERE A MEETUP???

@andioop

guys let's not jump into conclusions, it could easily be a family member or relative.

*@wtfishappeningonmytl
and here comes the theories*

*@whyamistillhere
okay ngl that *did* kinda sound like skeppy but im not gonna jump into conclusions just yet*

*@ineedanewuser
guys remember that q doesnt owe us an explanation - and besides, it was probably just family*

*@iaminetermpain
am i the only person who thought it sounded like purpled even tho that wouldnt make any sense bc
as far as im aware q and him havent had any interactions*

“They’re gonna catch on if we’re not careful,” George commented one night, a couple days after the jackbox stream had taken place. “Twitter is still passing around theories, even though most of the hype has died down.”

Dream gave him an incredulous look. “The theories are still going?”

George shrugged, passing him his phone. “There are some interesting ones.”

“Are you *looking* them up?”

“Yeah, so what? We have some really clever fans; you should scroll through the theories sometime. It’s interesting.”

“Anything in particular that you think is worth sharing?”

“Eh.” George gestured towards his phone sitting in Dream’s hands. “Scroll through; I’m sure you’ll find something interesting.”

Dream read two before handing the phone back to George.

*@insertusernamehere
okok guys its theory time
yknow how Q has a terrible green screen? in that jackbox stream his green screen was like. way better. and the lighting was different too. i think he got a new chair too, but dont quote me on that.
so basically im thinking that he moved in with a new +
→ @insertusernamehere*

Replying to @insertusernamehere roommate but doesnt wanna tell us just yet and so theyre tryna keep it down for now

@heythereletsbefriends

we all know about that one video sapnap posted on tiktok, right? we know someone that looked kinda like george was with him dancing. but what if it was karl?

→ @heythereletsbefriends

Replying to @heythereletsbefriends and someone else was obviously filming the video. what if that person was quackity?

i know this isnt like. likely. but. like. let me hope. please.

“They’re smart,” Dream said. “We’re going to end up exposed by the end of the year. If we manage to somehow not let them know, then the secret will definitely be out by next summer.”

“We have, like, thirty people living here, Dream,” George said. “I wouldn’t be surprised if the secret gets out by next week.”

Dream hummed in agreement.

They sat in comfortable silence for several minutes before Dream abruptly moved and reached over to grab a water bottle. Since it just so happened to be ever-so-slightly out of reach, he ended up standing halfway off his seat and pressed against George in an attempt to grab the water.

George shifted, letting out a small squeak. Dream glanced down to look at him, unaware of the position he’d put them in.

“Dream,” George mumbled, eyes looking everywhere but his face. “Can you hurry up and sit back down.”

“I mean, yeah,” Dream continued, wondering why George wouldn’t look at him. He shifted again, moving to sit down, when realization came rushing in and punched him in the face.

He was leaning up against George. At an awkward angle. He didn’t want to elaborate anymore. It wasn’t *suggestive* in any way, shape, or form, but it was definitely on the borderline between that and just a plain, awkward, uncomfortable position. Dream flushed, freezing and staring at George.

George continued to refuse to meet his eyes.

“Well,” Came the obvious drone of Techno from behind them. “This is awkward.”

Dream turned around so quickly that he was surprised he didn’t give himself whiplash.

Techno and Tommy, both dressed and clearly ready to go somewhere, stood near the border that separated the kitchen area from the living room. Tommy’s expression looked like a cross between horror and confusion, whereas Techno simply looked bored. The mild discomfort was clear in his eyes, though.

“I, uh,” Dream started before pausing and clearing his throat. He tried again. “So. What are you guys up to?”

“We’re going shopping. Phil asked us to get a few things for him.”

“Ah.” Dream nodded in understanding, attempting (and lowkey failing) to causally sliding back into his seat. “So why are you in the kitchen then?”

“We were going to grab some snacks to go,” Tommy answered. “This was definitely the last thing - well, actually, not the *last* thing, but same difference - I expected to see.”

George’s cheeks colored itself a deep red, Dream laughing awkwardly as he tried to brush it off. “Well, go ahead,” Dream said, gesturing around the kitchen mindlessly. “No one’s stopping you.”

“A certain situation *was* stopping us, but okay,” Techno said, sweeping in and heading straight for the pantry. “I’m taking gummy worms. Tommy, take your pick.”

Tommy settled for a bag of chips and a coke, following Techno out the kitchen and disappearing around the corner, the sound of a door slamming shut moments later indicating that they were long gone.

Dream turned to look at George, who was...

Nowhere in sight.

Oh, he thought, ignoring the prickles of pain poking at his chest. *Guess he didn’t want to talk.*

Upstairs, in their shared bedroom, George shoved his face into a pillow.

I like him, he thought. *And I’m not sure how to feel about that.*

Techno and Tommy had left at five.

It was currently half past nine. Phil was getting a bit worried, considering the things he’d asked them to get him (some wooden boards and nails) shouldn’t take too long to get. Four and a half hours with no contact wasn’t unlike them, but it was concerning nonetheless.

He waited anxiously. He couldn’t help it; they were like his sons, and he had a deep fatherly love for them.

And then his phone rang.

It wasn’t a number saved to his phone, though. Confused, Phil swiped to answer the call.

“Hello?”

“Hello, is this... Philza Watson?”

“Yes, it is. Who’s this?”

The person on the other end began to speak, stating their name - which, to be quite honest, Phil didn’t manage to catch with how quickly they were rambling - and where they were calling from, which turned out to be a hospital.

“Your son is currently in a checkup room waiting. It appears that he’s broken his arm, but we can’t take x-rays without permission from a parent or guardian, and to get that permission there are

several forms that must be filled out. How quickly can you get here?"

Phil blinked, moving to grab his jacket off his bed. "A half an hour," he answered, closing his bedroom door before dashing downstairs. "How bad is it?"

"Well, I would guess it's fractured in at least two different spots, though we do still need the x-rays taken to confirm that. I believe surgery will be necessary as well."

Phil nodded to himself. "Is that all?"

"Yes. We'll go into more details once you've arrived."

"Alright, thank you," Phil said before clicking the end call button. He briefly stuck his head into the kitchen to tell the person who was in there - Niki and Eret; they were baking, apparently - that he was going out. They both gave him nods, since their hands were full.

The second Phil began pulling out of the driveway, another call came through.

This one was a different number from the hospital. Confused, Philza answered it.

"Phil," The familiar voice of Techno greeted him. "Hi."

"Techno," Philza responded, suspicion laced in his voice. "Hello."

"So, uh," Techno said, laughing awkwardly. "I'm gonna need you to bail me out of jail."

Phil slammed on the brakes in the middle of the long, two lane road.

"What?"

"I need you to bail me out of jail."

"Does this have anything to do with the hospital calling me and telling me Tommy broke his arm?"

"...Maybe."

"Techno."

"Okay, okay, yes, it does. I'll explain later, I promise, just get me out of here. One of the officers has been giving me the stink eye ever since I got here."

"Maybe it's your hair," Phil said, taking his foot off the brake pedal and letting the car resume its state of active movement. "Which police station are you at?"

"No idea, but I'm pretty sure it's the only one in the town. This neighborhood is really small, you know? Also, my hair is great, thank you very much."

Philza just chuckled. "Alright, fine. I'll come get you and then we're going to the hospital. Tommy's situation definitely can't be pretty."

"Yeah, I actually felt bad," Techno commented. "He's gonna have trouble streaming for a bit."

"God, what did you *do*, Techno?"

"Literally nothing. Okay, I gotta go. I hope you have money on you, because I think the fee you're going to have to pay is going to be kinda expensive."

Phil just sighed as he hung up.

When Phil arrived at the station, Techno was arguing with an officer.

“Officer,” Techno was saying from behind bars, looking remarkably innocent. “I genuinely don’t know who that was, he just looked annoying so I just lightly pushed him down some stairs!”

“Sir, the legal forms say that he was your adoptive brother.”

“Well, in my defense, that’s really not my fault-”

Phil snorted. The officer turned to look at him, irritation written all over their face.

“How may I help you?” They forced out, obviously trying to be polite. Phil stifled a laugh, putting his hands in his coat pocket.

“I’m actually here to bail that man out,” He answered.

It was miniscule, but the officer’s shoulders relaxed a bit. They rushed behind the counter, pulling out a few papers and handing them to Phil with a pen. “You’ll need to fill these forms out first,” They explained. “And then we’ll need you to fill out this bail form, which is accompanied with a fee of two-hundred fifty bucks.”

Phil obliged, signing the forms and handing over the money. “Is that all?”

“Yes, thank you.”

The officer unlocked the cell in which Techno resided, allowing him to walk free once more.

Philza half dragged him to the car, in a hurry to get to the hospital. Techno didn’t complain, immediately buckling his seat belt the second he got inside.

They arrived at the hospital in four minutes. Phil rushed in, throwing the keys at Techno and trusting him to lock it up.

“Hello,” he said to the receptionist, out of breath. “I’m here from an emergency call about my son?”

“His name, please?”

“Thomas Watson.”

The receptionist typed it into their computer before turning to Phil and telling him, “He’s upstairs on the third floor to the right. Look for another reception area; they’ll help you get to him.”

Philza thanked them and turned towards the elevators, waving Techno over with an urgent movement.

When they finally got to Tommy’s room, permission forms all filled out, the first thing Phil did was give Tommy a tired smile.

“I asked you guys to get me two things, and instead of getting those two things, I end up with a jail

bailout fee, ambulance fees, and other hospital fees. I didn't think that'd be possible."

"Sorry," Tommy and Techno both mumbled. Philza sighed.

"How are you feeling?"

"Not bad for breaking my arm," Tommy answered, shrugging. "The pains mostly gone away, but I think that's from all the icing they made me do. I sprained my ankle kinda badly too, did they tell you that?"

Phil massaged his temples. "No, they didn't. Is there anything else I should know?"

Tommy grinned. "I fell off the second floor and rolled down a shit ton of stairs! I also bruised my torso a bit."

"A bit is a bit of an understatement," A doctor said, entering the room with a clipboard. "Those bruised areas are going to be really sensitive for at least a week."

"Ah," Phil said.

"Hello, I'm Doctor Tabitha Auto," The doctor greeted almost robotically. "I'll be your main doctor and caretaker during this process. We're going to start with some x-rays. Thomas, if you don't mind following me?"

"It's Tommy," Tommy muttered, shifting off the bed he was sitting in. Doctor Auto didn't acknowledge his comment, opting instead to sweep dramatically out of the room and march down the empty hallway.

Phil and Techno followed behind Tommy, who looked like this was the last place he wanted to be. Which was understandable, because no one wanted to be in a hospital with a broken arm, but he'd seemed completely fine with it earlier when he'd been telling his stories. And he seemed to be limping and - oh, wait, his ankle.

Philza cast the doctor a confused look - if she'd known that Tommy had sprained his ankle, why was she making him walk?

"Techno, can you... do you think you can carry Tommy?"

Techno looked at Phil with a confused expression. "I mean, yeah, I probably can, but why?"

"His ankle," Philza elaborated. "He said it was sprained badly. "

Realization dawned on Techno's face, and he moved to pick Tommy up, being careful not to hit his arm. Tommy yelped in surprised, twisting (and wincing slightly as he did) to look Techno in the eyes.

Doctor Auto didn't even turn to look at them. She kept marching down the hallway, shoes clicking away at the marble floor.

"Your ankle," Techno said in a hushed, hesitant voice, hardly above a whisper, "It might be easier if I carry you, yeah? We wouldn't want to make it worse."

"Right." Tommy nodded meekly in agreement, "how do you want to do this? What's easiest for you?"

"You can hop on my back," Techno suggested, letting out a short laugh, "Piggy-back ride. Ironic.

Alright. Hop on.”

“...Thanks,” Tommy said.

Techno simply nodded, keeping his strides long to keep up with the Doctor. Philza once again cast her a bewildered look, wondering what kind of doctor could possibly forget a patient’s condition.

“In here,” She finally said, stopping at the door that had a huge sign reading XRAY above it. “I’m afraid only Thomas can go inside; if you two could please take seats right very there while we do this.”

Philza could’ve sworn he heard Tommy angrily mutter “Tommy.” as the door closed behind him.

Doctor Auto was very cold, Phil discovered. And, quite frankly, annoyingly rude.

She didn’t engage in any conversation other than the bare necessities. She seemed to think Tommy could do everything by himself, since he was “Seventeen years old and a big boy.”

Tommy had a sprained ankle, bruised up body, and a fucking broken arm. He most definitely could not do everything by himself.

She also wouldn’t stop calling Tommy “Thomas.” Phil knew Tommy didn’t like it when people called him Thomas; a personal preference, which should be respected. But no, Doctor Auto went on acting like she hadn’t heard every single complaint Tommy had voiced, continuously calling him Thomas.

If Techno didn’t punch this doctor’s teeth in in the next ten minutes, Phil was going to get violent and do it himself.

“Alright, Thomas,” Doctor Auto droned. “Mr. Watson. We’re going to have to get a surgery appointment for sometime next week.”

“Any reasons why we have to wait so long?”

“Well, we have to wait for the swelling to go down a bit,” she said, pointing the end of her pen at Tommy’s temporary cast wrapped thoroughly in bandages. “And it’s just easier that way. Scheduling today or tomorrow would be quite rushed and not as effective.”

“Alright,” Phil agreed.

“Wonderful. Thomas, make sure you stay off that foot of yours and-”

Okay. That was the last straw.

“Doctor,” Philza half growled, voice low and dangerous. “I believe he asked to be called *Tommy*.”

The doctor blinked.

“I don’t see why I should call him that,” She sniffed. “The documents say his name is Thomas.”

“And he prefers Tommy.” Philza glared at her.

“And?”

Philza wasn't sure what infuriated him more: the fact that she seemed to genuinely not understand why it was a problem or the fact that she looked ready to kick him out.

The first thing Philza was doing once he got out of this room was requesting a new doctor.

And that he did. After going off on Doctor Auto about basic human decency (“Do you know what the fuck the word respect *means*?!”), he went and angrily demanded he be given a different doctor. Techno followed him as he did, laughing like it was the funniest thing ever.

The receptionists didn't question him, immediately getting someone else. The doctor (Chip Arrington) was clearly much kinder, smiling and apologizing for his co-worker. Philza waved it off, saying it wasn't a big deal.

The three went home that day feeling rather good.

“Shit,” was the first thing Tommy said at brunch the next day.

The few people there turned to look at him. Everyone, for the most part, was now aware of Tommy's situation. Philza had gotten the full story behind it (it wasn't that interesting; apparently Techno had gotten annoyed at Tommy and pushed him down a whole flight of stairs), and everyone who'd been awake when they'd come back had also gotten to hear it.

“What's up?” Karl asked, fork halfway to his mouth.

“My arm. Is broken.”

Everyone at the table stared at Tommy like he'd grown three extra heads.

“Oh, we didn't realize, thanks for the information,” Sapnap said sarcastically.

Tommy ignored him. “I can't stream.”

“Well,” Tubbo said. “Technically, you can. You'll just have severe difficulties with it.”

“Exactly,” Tommy said. “How am I meant to stream with a broken arm?”

“You just do or don't,” Ranboo said. “It's that simple.”

Tommy sighed. “I hate that you're right.”

“You could always tweet and explain why you're not streaming,” Philza said.

“Nah,” Tommy voiced after a moment of silent contemplation. “I'll just pog through the pain and do a shorter stream.”

“A good compromise, I think,” Tubbo said, nodding.

“I still think you should keep from streaming until you get your surgery done and get a proper cast,” Philza said.

“I agree with that,” Tubbo said.

“Okay,” Tommy agreed surprisingly easily. “Let me take a selfie to post on twitter.”

“Like, right now?” Purpled asked, scrambling to get out of frame when Tommy pulled out his phone. “Wow, okay, don’t wanna have everyone find out that we’re all living together.”

Minutes later, Tommy was uploading a picture of himself and his broken arm onto twitter, accompanied with an apology and reasoning for why he wouldn’t be streaming for a week.

@tommyinnit

im going to be taking a small break from streaming this week. broke my arm; not very pogchamp [image: Tommy is sitting in a chair, his arm in frame, clearly wrapped up. His face is scrunched up.]

→ @yeetmetothesun

Replying to @tommyinnit aww feel better soon!!

→ @oopsiedasies

Replying to @tommyinnit take your time!!!! we’re not going anywhere

→ @the_potatogod

Replying to @tommyinnit oh that sucks :(((dont feel pressured to stream! take care of yourself first

“My fans are so nice,” Tommy said.

“We have great fan bases,” Purpled agreed.

Silence fell over them. Brunch continued on without another word.

They hadn’t planned on going to the movies.

They were building a home movie theater in their basement and had not only the shared living room TV but also TV’s in everyone’s rooms for private usage. Anyone could watch a movie whenever they wanted to.

But George had suggested they all go out, in one big trip, and since Dream could never find it in himself to really say no to him, they’d gone out.

Which was, to say the least, disastrous.

They’d chosen to go to the mall at first, but that decision was quickly ditched when Quackity loudly declared that he wanted to see the new Marvel movie. With everyone quickly agreeing, Dream didn’t have much of a choice but to turn the car towards the movie theater.

When they arrived, Dream was sure the sight was a strange one.

Imagine a limo pulling up at a movie theater in a small town, where most people live in either farm houses or apartments. Now imagine thirty people, give or take, stumbling out of said limo dressed

in hoodies and jeans and looking like they haven't slept in over a week.

Yeah. That's how it looked.

It was chaotic.

Dream didn't mind though. This kind of chaos had a sort of homey feel to it - and he liked that.

Now, getting there had been the easy part. Getting tickets for all of them was the hard part.

"Yes, ma'am, twenty-seven tickets."

"Are you- Are you absolutely *positive*?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Bewildered, the ticket lady dutifully got the tickets and handed them over. "That'll be two-fifty-six fifty-four."

Dream robotically handed over three hundred dollar bills. "Keep the change."

The lady sputtered, trying to hand back change. "No, you mustn't, please, take your change. This is too much-"

"Keep it," Dream repeated, firmly but kindly. "I don't need it. I'm sure you can find a better use for it."

He proceeded to walk away with the twenty-seven tickets in hand. "Did you guys get the food?"

"Yup!"

"Let's go then!"

"I have a bad feeling about this," Ranboo muttered from behind.

Quackity moved in, awkwardly slapping his back as he grinned cheekily at Ranboo. "Relax, my man! Enjoy yourself! I doubt anything could go wrong."

"Who bought the food," Dream piped up, wanting to ask how the employees had reacted.

"Bad ordered, Skeppy paid," Someone from the back half yelled.

"Thanks!" Dream responded before making his way to Bad and Skeppy, who were huddled around Skeppy's phone and quietly giggling together about whatever it was that sat on the screen.

"Hey, guys," Dream said. "I've got a question."

"Okay, shoot," Skeppy said.

"How'd the employees react when you asked for all this food?"

"Really shocked," Bad said. "They like, kinda stared at us before asking us to repeat the order. I felt kinda bad; they had to sit there for like ten minutes just to get our popcorn done."

"How much did you end up spending?"

"Eh, three-fifty give or take. The look on their faces was *priceless* though; I gave them like an

extra hundred and they looked at us like ‘What the *hell?*’”

“Language!”

“Sorry, sorry. It was funny though.”

Dream laughed. “It’s sweet. The ticket lady was so insistent on having me take the change. If she kept pushing I might’ve just taken it to make her happy.”

They were at the doors of the theater now. Dream handed the person taking care of tickets the stack of tickets, still chatting with Skeppy and Bad and missing the pure look of concern that washed over the person’s face.

“I- oh,” They said, standing frozen with the lump of tickets sitting in their hands. “Oh.”

“Would you like some help?” Philza offered gently, stifling a laugh behind his hand. Quite frankly, the employee looked like someone who was brand new to the job and didn’t know how to properly deal with larger groups.

“Oh, no, I’m alright,” They said, flushing pink and moving to rip all the tickets. “How many are there-”

“Everyone in single file!” Dream hollered. Then, to the employee, he said, “There should be twenty-seven tickets for us twenty-seven viewers.”

Intense nodding from the employee. Dream bit back on laughing; they seemed so unreasonably flustered and rushed.

Now, they made it in alright. Figuring out seats took a bit of time - and definitely irritated some others who were already sitting in the theater - but overall they all managed to make it to their locations before the movie started.

See - the first fifteen or so minutes had gone well - everyone managed to stay quiet and eat their food silently while watching the movie. But then, approximately thirteen minutes and twenty seven seconds into the movie, Tommy began bugging Techno about refilling his soda for him. Among other things, since Vurb and Spifey had been bugging Skeppy and Bad the whole time.

“Hey, Techno,” Tommy whispered very loudly. “You should go get my soda refilled for me.”

Techno stared at Tommy. “No.”

“Why not?”

“It’s not my soda, you go do it yourself!”

“But you’re my brother,” Tommy whined, dragging out the r. Some people in front of them shot them dirty looks over their shoulders.

“Okay, and?” Techno nudged Tommy’s cup away. “How’d you even finish your soda that fast? It’s been like ten minutes or something.”

“Coke is good,” Tommy offered in a means of explanation. “And my arm’s broken, Techno, see?” Tommy held up his casted arm in a means of demonstrating. “So, you should get me a refill-”

“Tommy, you’ve had that cast on for like two weeks, I *know* you can do stuff fine with it on. Now get off of me.”

“No. Refill my drink.”

“Tommy-”

“Guys, please, you guys are going to get us kicked out,” Ranboo said, trying to interfere. “Please, guys, keep it down. Here, I’ll go refill your soda, Tommy-”

Twenty seconds later, someone was asking them to leave.

Well, Dream supposed. At least Ranboo’d tried.

Dream had to give it to them though: they managed to last fifteen minutes before getting kicked out.

Currently, an employee was talking to Philza, asking him to “please control your kids.”

“I don’t know them,” Philza was saying, arm’s crossing and looking very convincing minus the fact that Tommy and Techno kept asking him for his opinion every three seconds.

“Sir, you just walked out of the theater dragging two of them by arm.”

“That’s besides the point.”

“Phil! Tell Tommy that this is his fault!”

“Is not! Phil, it’s not my fault, right?”

“I do not know any of them,” Philza repeated, pointedly ignoring Tommy and Techno screaming behind him.

The employee looked either terrified or absolutely done with their bullshit.

“Sir-”

“Callahan’s brought the car, let’s go! We have everyone right?”

“No idea, but I’ll count as everyone gets in.”

“Okay! Single file, guys!”

Philza shot an apologetic grin towards the employee, bowing slightly before turning around and sweeping everyone into a line.

“I don’t think we’re ever coming back here,” was the first thing Fundy said when they were all in the car.

Laughter broke out.

Dream smiled, making a mental note to get the movie theater built as fast as possible.

Who knew what would happen if they came back here for the second time?

...

(Chaos, knowing them. Pure chaos.)

Chapter End Notes

rea: hello!!! we made a discord server, leave us a comment if you would join it because i spent a while coding a bot for this and everything, so please let us know if you would join. (also. you should follow my twt im very cool @awhrea) <33

jem & oli: also note that none of twt users in this fic are real as far as we're aware; we make them up on the spot while writing and the only real twt accounts (we're aware of at least) here are going to be ours. (bc we're like that. pstpst you should totally follow us btw; @JellyJemSpread and @oliverdreams and rea's is mentioned above)

put on some nice clothes, this is supposed to be a fancy dinner!

Chapter Summary

dream: hi i'd like to make a reservation
manager person: for how many people?
dream: um. 33
manager person: **w h a t**

Chapter Notes

glitch: sorry if the dialogue is bad in the bit where we included ourselves it was a little difficult because we cant exactly speak keyboard smashes in real life.

jem: we included ourselves because we wanted like a fans perspective and we're all lazy as shit and didn't wanna make oc's for it so yes. moving on-

rea: hi gays uh please join the discord (linked in the endnotes) i coded basically everything by hand. we're very cool i promise. anyways. hope you enjoy the chapter!! tysm for all the support and yes, we speak in all keyboard smashes so sorry if our part is a bit awkward

(we made oli go up to the block fuckers and be socially awkward because they kept making heat waves jokes)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Okay.

Dream needed to start figuring out how to say no to George, because he was currently watching Wilbur drown Tommy while a lifeguard desperately tried to tell him to stop.

Dream sighed, sinking deeper into the hot tub.

Sapnap, Karl, Quackity, and George were all having a water fight, aggressively splashing water at each others' faces and playfully pushing each other around. A few of them had gone up to the diving boards; Dream wasn't sure specifically who they were though. Skeppy and Bad were arguing over... duck floaties? And, oh, Sam was just chilling in the 6feet deep zone, talking to Ranboo, who had his feet dipped in and was sitting on the edge of the pool. Tubbo and Puffy were glaring at them lightheartedly from a distance, making faces at them. Fundy was laughing at them.

"Dude, why are you chilling in a hot tub? Only boomers sit in hot tubs for longer than twenty minutes."

Dream glanced up to look at Punz.

"Guess I'm a boomer then," Dream said, sinking in even deeper. "You can fuck off, Punz, hot tubs

are fantastic. You should try them sometime.”

Punz laughed, surprisingly agreeing and stepping in. “I’m kidding. If you were a boomer, I’d be one by default too, since I’m older. I don’t want that.”

Dream laughed.

“When do you think H and Phil are going to join us?”

“Eh, I’d give it half an hour at most, give or take. Phil might take longer unless he just gives up with trying to deal with Tommy, Techno, and Wilbur.”

Punz laughed. “They’re a chaotic trio, aren’t they?”

Dream groaned. “Tell me about it. Yesterday Techno came in to ask me about something, and I *kid you not*, Wilbur came in exactly seven seconds later asking if I’d seen him. They had a fifteen minute debate in my room before I could get them to leave.”

Punz snorted. “For a group of people who aren’t related to each other, they sure act like they are.”

“Oh, it’s even worse when you’re basically one of them,” Tubbo piped up from behind. Startled, Dream turned to look at him.

“Oh, do tell,” Punz said. “What’s it like?”

“You get dragged into a lot of unnecessary arguments and die inside a lot.”

“Oh.” Punz said, taken aback. “Oh.”

“It’s nice though,” Tubbo hummed. “Because at least I know I have them behind my back.”

Dream smiled. He knew that feeling.

It was, indeed, a nice feeling.

Meanwhile, said boys were giving the lifeguards the time of their lives.

In a bad way.

“Sir, please, I’m going to have to ask you to let go of him, otherwise we’ll have to-”

“What, kick me out?”

The lifeguard looked taken aback and unreasonably nervous. “Yes, sir. If you could please let go of him- he’s going to drown-”

Wilbur loosened his hold on Tommy, letting him push up and take in three large helpings of air before shoving him back down under. “Nah, don’t worry. I wouldn’t let that happen.

Tommy began thrashing. Beside the lifeguard, Techno chuckled.

“This is normal. Don’t worry, at worst Tommy’ll just pass out.”

The lifeguard looked at him and then back at Wilbur and Tommy, the most concerned look ever falling over their face. “Sir- I- That isn’t okay, sir- No, please- Sir-” They began moving in, likely to forcibly pull the two apart, but Techno stopped them with one of his arms.

“It’s all good, you can leave them be. Don’t worry, if they get too rough I’ll deal with it.”

“Sir- I can’t just-”

“Nahhh, they’ll be fine. I promise.”

Sapnap and Quackity ran past, yelling and doing their best not to slip on the water everywhere. Karl and George were trailing behind them, chatting about something while actually obeying the pool rules.

“Oi Sap, I’ll give you twenty bucks if you belly flop off the high dive!”

“Please, no running at the pool-”

“Bet!”

“Sir- Please-”

“There’s no hope,” Techno deadpanned. “They have selective hearing. They don’t hear stuff they don’t wanna hear. You’re not gonna get through to them.”

The look on the lifeguards face looked extremely tired. Techno considered it a win.

He decided it was an even bigger win when Sapnap belly flopped off the high dive (and didn’t move for two minutes in a means of being dramatic; “WHAT THE FUCK IS HE *DEAD* WHY IS HE JUST FLOATING IN THE WAT- oh he’s just being dramatic nevermind.”) and all the lifeguard did was sigh and mutter “I wonder if quitting would be a good choice.”

Behind him, Sapnap cackled.

Sapnap rolled his eyes as he watched George wander up to Dream, saying something before Dream laughed and turned around, letting George climb onto his back.

“They’re kind of oblivious, aren’t they,” Bad said.

“Yeah, they are,” Sapnap said. “I mean, so are you and Skeppy, but I think those two are worse. At least you two acknowledge the fact that you guys love each other.”

“Hey! What is that supposed to mean?!”

“Nothing, nothing. Oh, look, they’re having a water fight now.”

“Dream, stop, you’re getting water in my eyes! Dream!”

Dream just laughed, splashing more water at George. George shrieked, holding his hands in a futile attempt at blocking the water.

“Dream!”

“George!”

“Stop!”

“Okay, okay,” Dream said, laughing and putting his hands up in surrender.

George stopped moving to rub the water out of his eyes while Dream watched him with a fond smile on his face.

“I didn’t like that,” George pouted.

“Aww, did I make Georgie sad?” Dream said with a fake frown on his face.

“Yes.”

“Should I kiss it better?”

“Ew, no!” George backed away.

Dream burst out laughing and swam after him. “No, George, come back!”

“No, go away!” George yelled as he swam faster, screaming when Dream managed to grab his ankle. “Okay, okay, I surrender! I’m sorry!”

“So you’ll let me kiss it better?”

“No,” George denied.

Dream began tickling him, grinning maniacally. “Let me kiss it better!”

“No- haha- no, Dream, stop-” George cut off with a loud shriek, squirming and lightly hitting Dream’s arms. “Let me go!”

Dream didn’t let go until Sam came over to get them for lunch, hiding a knowing smile as he moved past them to get everyone else.

Glitch poked Rea and Jem to get their attention.

They turned to look at him, laughing. “What’s up?”

“Look at that group,” Glitch whispered unnecessarily. “It’s huge. Are they having a birthday party or something?”

Jem, who had her back to said group, twisted around to look at them.

It was, indeed, a large group. There had to be at least twenty of them, all in their late teens or early adulthood stage of life. Most of them had towels wrapped around their waists, and they were all chatting as they lined up in a (very) malformed line.

“What the fuck,” Rea said passionately.

"I agree," Jem voiced. "What the fuck."

"What the fuck indeed," Glitch agreed. "And tell me if I'm wrong, but I could swear on my twitter account and all the clout I have that I recognize at least six of them."

Rea squinted. Jem squinted as well, even though she had her contacts in.

"Y'know," Rea said. "I think you're right. Some of them look awfully familiar."

"Punch me if I'm wrong," Jem said, still squinting at the group. "But is that *Wilbur*?"

Glitch and Rea both turned to look at her.

"*What*," They both said in unison.

"Yeah, that's how I feel. Can I get a confirmation or-" Jem cut off, waving one of her hands at the group.

"Yeah, no, I think I just saw Tommy," Rea said, ungluing her eyes from the group to stare at Jem and Mars in mild shock.

"Glitch, you're the only one with decent vision here, help us out."

"Now personally, I'm pretty sure I just saw both Wilbur *and* Tommy *plus* Eret and Fundy."

"What world are we living in?"

Glitch stared at Jem, face deadpan. "A fictional one, duh."

"Shh, that's irrelevant," Rea shushed. "Jem, I have no idea what world we're in."

"Reasonable. Okay, but, are we *sure* it's *them* or-"

"I'd say there's a solid ninety-five percent chance it is."

"Should we like, go up and ask them for a photo or something?"

Sudden realization dawned on Rea's face.

"Jem," She said, snapping her fingers and pointing at her. "Do you remember that one tweet you made literally *ages* ago about everyone living together?"

Jem's eyebrows furrowed together in confusion. "That was like a good year and a half ago, but yeah, why?"

Glitch gasped.

"Do you think he saw it and got everyone together?!" They yelped, bolting upright. "Do you think he'd do that?"

"Well, he didn't like it," Jem said. "The tweet, I mean."

"But he'd want to keep it a secret, right?" Glitch said, taking the lead. "Everyone can see his likes and shit. Maybe he had a secret private *private* alt that he used to like the tweet. Or maybe he didn't react to the tweet at all and just went for it!"

Jem stared at him.

"I'm gonna go ask for a picture," she said.

Rea and Glitch burst out laughing.

"Are you guys gonna come with me or am I gonna have to be socially awkward by myself?"

"We're coming, we're coming," Rea said, brushing off her hands and standing up.

"If it's not them can we agree to go die in a hole together from embarrassment?" Glitch asked.

"Yes," Jem and Rea agreed in sync.

As the three neared the group, they began unintentionally picking up on bits and pieces of their conversation.

"Tommy, Wilbur, please stop fighting, I'm giving Ranboo the food first."

"What? But-"

"Oh, and then Tubbo-"

"No, Phil, please-"

"Hey, Sam, where's that pumpkin pie of yours?"

"I didn't make any for this trip - I brought cookies though! Do you want some?"

"Ooo, yes please."

Glitch lightly tapped one of the shorter people on the shoulder (good lord, why were they all so tall?), a nervous smile plastered across their face.

The person turned to look at them, an easy smile resting on their face.

Jem nearly fell over when she recognized him.

"*Quackity?*" Rea half yelled, slapping a hand over her mouth when some people turned to give her weird looks. Quackity's expression morphed into one of surprise before the color drained from his face and a look that could only be described as '*Oh, shit,*' took over.

"Uh," He said. "Hi! Are you guys fans?"

They stood there, staring at him.

"Hello?" Quackity laughed nervously. "Are you guys okay?"

"You're Quackity," Glitch said.

"*The* Quackity," Jem added.

"Holy shit," Rea said.

"I am," Quackity confirmed.

"Hey, Quackity," Someone else said, coming up and clapping him in the back. "Are you gonna get your food or- Oh, hello!"

Jem stared.

Glitch and Rea just looked at each other, shock written all over their faces.

“Are you guys fans?” The man who just joined them asked, voice cheery. “Quackity, you aren’t being *rude*, right?”

“Nonono,” Rea rushed in. “No, uh, we’re just in shock.”

“Are you *Dream*?” Jem blurted out. She shut her mouth immediately, facepalming. “Uhm.”

“I am!” Dream laughed. “I take it that you three are fans?”

“Yes?! Holy shit.”

“Either I’m dreaming or I’ve magiced one of my tweets to come true.”

“Jem, shush, we can freak out about that later. Uh, can we get a photo?”

Dream smiled apologetically. “Not with me, but I’m sure Quackity will be fine with one.”

“Yeah, yeah, that makes sense. Wow, okay, holy shit.”

“Dream! Tell Sapnap to stop stealing my food!”

“Sapnap, stop stealing George’s food!”

“Simp!”

“I’m not a simp!” Dream turned around to look at Sapnap. “No! Hey! Sapnap, no, don’t touch my food!”

They watched Dream run off, yelling at Sapnap.

Quackity turned back to them, smiling. “So, how about we get that photo?”

| quackity4k and 72 others liked |

@ItzJemStone

@oliverdreams @awhrea @quackity4k i think we simultaneously combusted today

[image: Rea and Jem are standing to the left of Quackity, who has a swim cap on, smiling. Mars is to his right, grinning widely. They all have bathing suits on, and the background is clearly a pool of sorts]

→ @idontknowthisuser

Replying to @ItzJemStone YOO POG

→ @hellowelcometochaos

Replying to @ItzJemStone @honkm4rs and 2 others Why does quackity wearing a swim cap give me so much serotonin

“Hello,” Dream said into the phone. “I’d like to make a reservation.”

“Yes, of course? How many people and what date?”

“Uh...” Dream did a mental count of everyone. “Thirty-three people on the twenty-second, please.”

“My apologies, excuse my unprofessionalism, but *what*. ”

“Where’s my tie?”

“Sapnap, why the hell are you still in sweats?”

“We’re *going* somewhere?”

“We have dinner reservations? It’s been on the calendar for nearly three weeks!”

“Put on some nice clothes you guys! This is supposed to be a fancy dinner!”

“Bitch, we’re streamers, how nice do you think we can possibly get?! We go outside approximately five times a year!”

“True!”

“Has anyone seen my suit jacket?”

“Ten minutes!”

“Shut up!”

“Where the fuck is my phone?”

“Skeppy, since when did you have a goddamn Corneliani suit?”

“No idea! I just kinda had it sitting in my closet!”

“Are you telling me you just happened to *have* a fucking Corneliani suit sitting in your closet?!”

“Yup!”

“Does anyone have a spare black suit jacket? Or a vest?”

“Where did my fucking shoes go?”

“HAS ANYONE SEEN MY PANTS?!”

“Bro, don’t walk around without pants on!”

“Fuck off, you’re just jealous my ass is better looking than yours!”

“What ass?”

“You take that back!”

“Seven minutes, guys!”

“Where the hell did my hair gel go?”

“How did you lose your *hair gel*? We have our own bathrooms!”

“I don’t know, you tell me! You’re my roommate!”

“Why are half of you guys still half dressed?!”

“Because half of us were sleeping!”

“Why were you sleeping when you knew about the dinner reservations?”

“It’s called having a screwed up sleep schedule, you should try it out sometime!”

“No thanks!”

“Five minutes!”

“We get it Bad, now shut up so we can get ready!”

“Hey, don’t yell at Bad!”

“Go away, Skeppy, I didn’t ask!”

Jimmy watched everyone run by, sighing and turning to Purpled, who was texting someone on his phone.

“You’d think thirty twenty year old men would know how to manage their time better,” he said in a means of starting up a conversation.

“They’re all twelve at heart,” Purpled commented, glancing up to look at him. “And they never leave the house and don’t have a consecutive sleep schedule. I don’t think they even know what time management *means*.”

“Three minutes!” Bad yelled in the background. Someone gave him the middle finger. Jimmy sighed again.

“Well, I’m gonna head downstairs.”

“Alright. I’m gonna wait for Ranboo and the others.”

Jimmy gave him a thumbs up before turning around and taking the long flight of stairs down, rolling his eyes at the sounds of Tommy getting in another argument.

He hoped the dinner itself wasn’t as chaotic.

Somehow, they managed to make it through the dinner without any big incidents. In fact, the worst thing that happened was Chandler “accidentally” spilling his drink all over Chris’ suit. Even the most chaotic of the chaotic had behaved themselves well - although, to be fair, Tommy *had* been half asleep and Quackity had spent most of the dinner explaining astrology to Karl, unable to do

anything crazy. All the others just seemed to calm themselves a bit for the sake of looking normal and well behaved.

When they got home, Sam made a beeline to his room, nearly tripping when Dream held him back from going upstairs.

“Wait, I’ve got an announcement I want to make.”

Sam yawned. “Okay.”

“Everyone!” Dream said, cupping his hands around his mouth to amplify his voice (which wasn’t really necessary since everyone was crowded around the foot of the staircase in an attempt to go upstairs to their rooms). “I’ve got an announcement! We’re going to go on a road trip in two days to New York City! Pack suitcases with a minimum of three days worth toiletries and clothes. I want everyone who wants to go to choose car groups, because we aren’t taking the limo there.”

“What time are we leaving?”

“By ten at the latest; the drive should be from seven to eight hours long, and I want to get there by eight at the latest.”

“How are we going to explain to everyone when we’re not streaming?”

Dream paused, considered the question, then waved it off. “Let them question it. Try not schedule streams for the next week; I checked with all of you guys, and as far as I’m aware, no one has streams planned for this week, right?”

Mumbles of *no’s* floated through the air.

“Okay! We’ll discuss it more tomorrow, I just wanted to let all of you guys know now. Sleep well!”

Dream moved, letting everyone stumble upstairs. The only ones who stayed downstairs were George and Sapnap; everyone else headed straight upstairs, whether that was to change or pass out.

“I’m gonna do a speedrun stream in one of the offices,” Sapnap said, saluting jokingly to Dream and George. “Don’t do anything nasty, okay?”

“*Sapnap.*”

Sapnap laughed, bolting up the stairs once he caught wind of George’s murderous look. Dream laughed.

“He’s an idiot and I hate him,” George grumbled.

“But you’re an idiot too and I still love you,” Dream teased.

“I hate you too. Keep that up and I’m gonna just go upstairs.”

Dream laughed. “Sure you are,”

“Okay, Dream, bye, enjoy yourself downstairs.”

Dream only laughed harder when George didn’t make a single move to get up and follow through with his words.

Note to self, do not volunteer to drive five other people on a seven hour drive when you've had a constant headache for the past sixteen hours.

Bad wasn't sure what he'd expected. Peace, quiet? Hah! *Tommy* was in his car.

"Tommy," Bad said for what must've been the twentieth time in that hour. "Please keep it down."

Tommy continued chattering, though he did decrease the volume he was talking at a bit.

"I'm going to bang my head against something," Bad muttered darkly. "It's been two hours and my headaches have been getting worse."

Skeppy gave him a worried look. "The first stop isn't going to be for another hour or so, are you sure you're going to be okay?"

"No," Bad muttered.

"Do you want me to drive? I can drive for a bit so you can try and rest that headache off," Skeppy offered.

"Normally I'd decline, but I might take you up on that offer," Bad said, blinking tiredly. "Actually, I will definitely be taking you up on that. One second."

Bad pulled the car over to the side, shooting everyone in the back apologetic looks as he unbuckled his seatbelt and opened the door. Skeppy mirrored him, stepping out and hopping over to the drivers side.

"Okay, you guys are going to be quiet for at least the next hour so Bad can try and rest his headache off," Skeppy threatened after buckling his seatbelt. "Tommy, I'm looking at you."

Tommy threw his hands up in surrender. "I'll be quiet, don't worry. I'll just text Tubbo or something."

"Thank you," Bad mumbled, making himself comfortable before shutting his eyes and drifting off.

As promised, everyone stayed quiet. Ant and Red engaged in quiet conversation while Tommy and Purpled texted people.

Surprisingly, they managed to stay quiet during the whole duration up until the first stop.

(If that was because Skeppy had shot them dirty looks every time someone made a noise louder than a whisper, no one needed to know.)

Skeppy parked the van, nudging Bad lightly after the other four had left to go to the bathroom. "Bad."

Bad mumbled incomprehensibly and blearily swatted Skeppy's hand away.

Skeppy poked him. "Bad, we're at the first stop. I know you're gonna wanna use the bathroom, get up."

“Go away, Geppy,” Bad responded, voice muffled by his hoodie. “Tryna sleep.”

Skeppy sighed. “Bad.”

No response. He grumbled, stepping out of his side and walking over to Bad’s side, opening the door and climbing in to perch on the seat, his face approximately a foot and a half away from Bad’s.

Bad shifted slightly, head tilting to glance at him with barely open green eyes. “What.”

“Get up, you’re gonna want to go to the bathroom. The next stop isn’t going to be for a good three to four hours,” Skeppy repeated, nudging Bad.

“Okay, okay,” he yawned, sitting up and blinking. Skeppy grinned. “How’s that headache of yours?”

“Way better.”

“Yeah? That’s great!”

Bad nodded. Skeppy hopped out, allowing Bad access to the outer world.

“Do we have snacks?”

“Yeah,” Skeppy replied. “We have a bag full of them. I don’t know how much we have left though.”

“Are you guys talking about snacks?” Sam interrupted, smiling. “Because I’ve got plenty. I have muffins, if you want them?”

Bad’s eyes light up. “Ooh, yes please! They *are* gluten free though, right?”

“Of course!” Sam said. “I wouldn’t want you to end up in the hospital because of a baking mistake. That would be horrible.”

Bad hummed. “I appreciate that. How has your car ride been so far?”

“Mostly peaceful - H did take out his inner cat maid and torture Fundy though. *That* was fun to watch.”

Skeppy furrowed his eyebrows as Bad laughed, asking Sam how traumatized Fundy had been. He’d heard stories of Hbomb being a cat maid but had never actually experienced or seen it happen in person, live or on video. Surely it wasn’t *that* bad.

“I think Fundy was on the verge of tears,” Sam was saying, chuckling. “He was very pained the whole time. He begged for help; Puffy thought it was funny and played along while Niki and I just kind of ignored his pleas and talked.”

“Sounds like you guys had a great time,” Bad laughed.

Skeppy frowned. “Surely it wasn’t *that* funny.”

“It was,” Sam denied. “Have you never seen H’s videos where he’s a cat maid?”

“No?”

Sam looked at him with wide eyes. “No?!”

Skeppy shook his head. “Nope.”

“Oh, you’re missing out, Skeppy,” Bad said. “You need to watch it once we get back on the road; it’s great.”

Skeppy nodded, somewhat bewildered.

At least he wouldn’t be bored for the first bit of the ride.

Sapnap regretted letting Dream drive for the second portion of the trip.

Now, in the physical sense, it was perfectly fine. He could relax, not have to keep his eyes on the road all the time, and could properly goof off with Karl and Quackity.

But he was sitting in the backseat.

And that was a problem because all it did was give him a front row seat to Dream and George being sappy idiots.

Currently, George was feeding Dream pudding (who ate *pudding* on a road trip?), laughing when the spoon missed slightly and ended with pudding dribbling down the side of Dream’s mouth.

“George!” Dream laughed, trying to lick it up before it got on his hoodie. “Be careful!”

“No, no, keep your hands on the steering wheel,” George scolded when Dream tried to wipe it off. “I’ll do it. You’re a fucking safety hazzard - you’re lucky we even let you *drive*, good lord.”

Dream obliged, laughing and putting his hand back on the steering wheel. George took a napkin and wiped his mouth, shrieking when Dream bit his fingers playfully.

Sapnap sighed deeply.

“Okay, no, it’s *cheating*,” Quackity argued from his left. To his right, Karl made a noise of protest, pulling out his phone. “No, it isn’t-”

“Yes it is-”

Sapnap turned his attention to them.

“Look, see, they’re called polyamorous relationships! It’s not *cheating*-”

“Yes it is-”

“No, no it is *not*,” Sapnap bit back. “Besides, it’s in a literal block game roleplay! Why does it matter?”

“Because you left me out! You got engaged to Karl *again* and ran off without me!” Quackity pouted.

“I repeat, *Minecraft roleplay*!”

"I propose we all get married later!" Karl protested. "If anything, blame Sapnap!"

"Wow, no, what the hell?"

"You're the one who did the proposing!"

"Okay, that doesn't"

Sapnap was cut off by Dream slamming on the brakes, causing their seat belts to lock and just barely save all their noses.

"Dream!" George yelled.

"Sorry, sorry!" Dream said, shaking his hair out of his face. "There's some stupid traffic jam. George, do you have a hair tie?"

"No?"

"Do you guys?" Dream asked, glancing behind him momentarily.

"Nope."

"Damn," Dream said, running his hand through his hair. "Do we have any rubber bands then? George, check the glove compartment."

George rummaged through the glove compartment, grinning triumphantly when he found a bag of rubber bands. "Got em!"

"Hand me one," Dream said, holding out a hand.

George obliged, opening the bag and dropping one in his hand. "Aren't rubber bands uncomfortable though?"

"Mhm," Dream said, quickly pulling his hair back into a low ponytail. "I'd rather deal with it than have my hair in my face though. Loose hair is annoying when you don't want to deal with it."

Sapnap groaned at the soft smile Dream gave George, thanking him before setting his eyes back on the road before him.

Quackity poked his arm.

"Yeah?" He asked, turning to give Quackity his attention. "What's up?"

"Do you have a portable charger?"

Sapnap stared at him. "Seriously?"

"I forgot to charge my phone last night, okay! Now do you have one or not?"

"I- Yeah, I do," Sapnap chuckled, shuffling through his bag before pulling out the portable charger and handing it to Quackity. "Don't break it!"

"I won't," Quackity said, plugging his phone in and setting it to the side. "Okay. Can we play the licence plate game?"

Sapnap grinned. "Oh, you're going *down*."

“Phil, Ranboo won’t share his gummy worms with me.”

“They’re mine! I bought them with my own money. It’s not a family bag, so therefore I’m not obligated to share.”

Phil let out a long sigh. Beside him, Eret chuckled awkwardly.

“Ranboo, how big is your bag of gummy worms?”

“It’s a five pound bag,” Ranboo responded around a mouthful. “So pretty big.”

Phil processed these words. Eret twisted around to look at Ranboo.

“Why do you have a *five pound bag* of gummy worms?”

“Why not?”

“A good point,” Eret said, turning around to face the front again, “Carry on.”

Tubbo scowled. “I want some. Phil, make him give me some.”

“No, they’re mine. I refuse to share.”

“Ranboo, at least give him one or two; with a five pound bag, it won’t make a difference.”

“Every single gummy makes a difference,” Ranboo countered. “I will not share.”

“Okay, Ranboo, answer me this. Would you take a bullet for Tubbo?” Phil asked.

Ranboo answered with no hesitation. “Absolutely. Anytime, anywhere.”

“Okay, then surely you can sha-”

“Not a chance,” Ranboo interrupted.

Eret laughed. Phil held himself back from banging his head against the steering wheel. “So you’d take a bullet for Tubbo but refuse to give him a single gummy worm from a five pound bag?”

“Yup.”

“I don’t understand you.”

“I don’t either,” Tubbo moaned. “I just wanted some gummy worms and instead he’s bullying me.”

“I’m not *bullying* you,” Ranboo said. “All I’m doing is denying you access to my gummy worms.”

“Exactly.”

“I don’t know, that sounds kind of like bullying to me,” Eret voiced.

“How is that *bullying*?”

“Well, first off, you’re not sharing your gummy worms.”

“That's just being selfish at worst, it's not *bullying*. ”

“Yes it is.”

“No!” Ranboo cried. “Bullying is like calling you short over and over or something. Actually, wait, you *are* short. Why are you so short?”

“I can't help my genetic makeup and my DNA formation!”

“Then tell it to help itself!”

“How does that even work?!”

“I don't know, why are you asking me?!”

Tubbo pouted. “I hate this road trip. This sucks.”

“Get out of the car then,” Ranboo suggested. “We'll call you on skype when we get there.”

“Noooo, I don't wanna be on *skype* the whole time.”

“Then suck it up and deal with it.”

Silence.

“Hey, Phil-”

“No, we're not stopping for snacks, Tubbo.”

“Why not?”

“We have all our rest stations planned out and the next one isn't for at least another hundred or so miles.”

“There are no gas stations around here, Tubbo, it's all plains and grass and cows!”

“Shut up, Eret!”

“Oh.”

“I'm all set!” Ranboo grinned. “I have gummy worms!”

“Give me some gummy worms Ranboo!”

“No!”

“Yes!”

“No!”

“Yes!”

“N-”

Phil resisted the urge to stop the car right then and there. “For *fucks* sake! Share the gummy worms or I'm turning this car around!”

“Fine!” Ranboo begrudgingly handed Tubbo a handful of gummy worms. “There.”

They continued in silence for about fifteen minutes before Tubbo asked, “Do you think it’s possible to trident around in piss in minecraft?”

Phil groaned. Ranboo gave Tubbo an extremely concerned look.

“You can’t *piss* in minecraft though,” Eret said.

“Well, obviously not. Imagine if you could; that’d be horrible. You’d need bathrooms and everything. But theoretically, if you could, would it be possible to trident around using the piss?”

“Well, piss is basically water, so technically I guess you could,” Eret hummed.

“Please stop talking about pee in minecraft,” Ranboo moaned, dragging a hand down his face. Phil wondered if this was worse than having Tommy, Techno, and Wilbur in a five foot radius of one another.

“But like-”

“Tubbo, I *will* give you a canon death.”

“We’re not even playing minecraft!”

“Doesn’t matter!”

“Wow- AH! Ranboo, what the hell, where did you get that- NO, no, I’m sorry, no, please-”

“Sit down and do not threaten each other,” Philza ground out. “Or I *will* turn this goddamn car around.”

Everyone shut up and returned to their seats.

Tubbo sighed. “Phil.”

Phil ignored him.

“Phiiii. Phil. Phil? Philzaaaa. Dadza. Phiiiiiiii.”

“Yes?!”

“Are we there yetttttt.”

“Alright,” Ranboo said, moving in towards Tubbo before Phil could respond. “That’s a canon kill. Come here, Tubbo!”

“No! Ranboo, no, stop-”

“Are we there yet?”

“*ERET*.” Ranboo hissed. “You get over here too. Second canon kill! One and two!”

Phil sighed. He still wasn’t sure if these three were better or worse than Techno, Wil, and Tommy.

He supposed he’d find out eventually.

“TUBBO, WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT?!”

Yeah. He'd find out.

Miraculously, they arrived at the gas station in one piece.

Physically, at least. Mentally, Phil wasn't as positive that they'd all managed.

He was mostly worried for Ranboo. Eret and Tubbo had had some... interesting conversations on the way over. And Ranboo had sat through most of them, quietly suffering while eating from his five pound bag of gummy worms.

"Ranboo, what if those gummy worms came to life?"

"Okay," Ranboo said, throwing his hands in the air. "That's it. I'm getting in the car and driving away. Goodbye."

Philza let out a pained chuckle. "Do you even have a license, Ranboo?"

"That's not gonna stop me, Phil," Ranboo answered, threateningly turning around towards the car. "Don't test me."

"Ranboo, will you share your gummy worms with me if I stop asking obscure things?"

"Yes. No. Well, maybe. I'd consider it."

"Aww, come on now, I just want some snacks."

"Did I hear you guys need snacks?" A familiar voice popped in, the smile easily heard through the voice. Tubbo jumped, turning to look at him.

"Sam! Hi!"

"Hi Tubbo! Ranboo! Phil, Eret, hello! How has your ride been so far?"

"Chaotic," Phil answered. "And snackless. We've been relying on Ranboo's five pound gummy worm bag this whole time."

Sam laughed. "Why do you have a five pound bag of gummy worms?"

"Why not?"

Sam nodded. "Yeah, I don't see why not. Well, fear not, because I'm stacked up on snacks and have come to deliver some to you guys. Here, I've got some of my homemade pumpkin pie cut up into bite size pieces," Sam placed the plate in Tubbo's hands. "Some of Niki's godly chocolate chip cookies... H's mini breakfast omelettes... Puffy's brownies... and some store bought chips and drinks." He handed them all off, smiling. "That should last you the rest of the trip, yeah?"

Phil could kiss Sam right then and there. "You just saved me so many brain cells, thank you so much."

"No problem!"

"Here, have a gummy worm!" Ranboo offered, holding up the bag. "As a thank you."

Sam blinked. “Oh, wow, you weren’t kidding when you said you had a five pound bag,” He said, reaching in and grabbing a few. “Thanks! Again, enjoy the snacks and try to ratio them so they last!”

They nodded. Phil gave him another word of thanks, watching him go as Tubbo turned to go stash away their newfound goods.

Sam gave him a thumbs up.

Phil took it as encouragement.

When Sam got back to his group, Dream was asking Niki and Puffy for hair ties.

“Do you have any spares I could use?”

Niki shook her head apologetically. “No, I’m afraid not.”

Puffy nodded. “I don’t usually tie my hair up, so I don’t really keep them on me. Oh, Sam! Sam, do you have spare hair bands?”

Sam scrunched his face up. “No, but if I remember correctly I’m pretty sure H might have one or two lying around.” He glanced around. “Actually, speaking of H, where’d he go?”

“I told him to go get me a slushie from the gas station,” Fundy answered, tone miserable and pained. “He wouldn’t leave me alone. Did you guys *have* to bring up the cat maid thing around him?”

Sam snickered apologetically. “Sorry, but you have to admit, it’s kinda funny.”

“He’s never gonna stop,” Fundy moaned, lightly banging his head against the car. “I’m going to suffer for the rest of the trip.”

“Just ask him to stop,” Dream said, as if it were the most obvious thing in the world.

“No, you don’t understand,” Fundy hissed. “He doesn’t stop until he himself chooses to. I can’t ask him to stop, he’ll just drag it on longer.”

“Oh.” Dream frowned. “That sucks.”

“I feel like our ‘consent or bye bitch’ rule should come in power here.”

“Well, what he’s doing isn’t exactly anything relating to explicit consent, right? Because from what I’ve heard, it’s more like he’s being an annoying sibling who won’t leave you alone.” Dream peered at Fundy. “Are you truly uncomfortable with what he’s doing or just find it painfully annoying?”

“Painfully annoying is one way of putting it,” Fundy grumbled. “Try ‘*I would rather be half my height than deal with him.*’”

“Well, if it does become uncomfortable, tell him. I’m sure he’ll stop.”

Fundy grumbled some more. As if summoned, Hbomb appeared right then as well, holding a large

slushie and handing it Fundy.

Fundy grumbled in acknowledgement, taking the slushie and slinking off.

“Master!” H started. “Don’t be sad! Why are you sad?”

“Okay, wait, pause,” Sam said, holding H back from going after Fundy. “Do you have a hair tie?”

Hbomb blinked, momentarily breaking character. “Yeah, I’m pretty sure I do, why?”

“Dream is in need of one,” Sam explained. “He, uh, seems a little desperate.”

Dream combed his hair back with his hands. “Yeah, kinda. Rubber bands aren’t exactly the best placeholders for hair bands.”

The girls visibly winced. Hbomb laughed. “Yeah, let me go grab it.”

They watched him retreat to the car, opening the door and rummaging through what Sam guessed was his backpack.

He returned with a hot pink scrunchie, smiling apologetically. “I don’t have any plain hair ties, sorry. This’ll work though, right?”

“Oh, yeah, thanks,” Dream thanked, gratefully taking the scrunchie and pulling his hair back.

“Okay, we’ll be getting back on the road in about five minutes. I’ll see you guys at our final designation?”

Niki gave him a thumbs up as H nodded. Puffy gave Dream a light pat before he moved away back towards his own group.

Sam stretched his arms. “So, we ready to hit the road?”

Enthusiastic grins met his question. Puffy pumped her fists in the air.

“Let’s do this!”

Chapter End Notes

<https://discord.gg/AJ3R5htnQ6>

welcome to new york city, city of new yorks

Chapter Summary

“Kids,” Bad said.

“Kids,” Tommy repeated, ripping open the fruit snack from Sam and popping one in his mouth. “Aquired through the art of sex. Interesting. Shall I whip out my How to Sex books for this? Maybe even all three volumes?”

Chapter Notes

jem: no one actually says the chapter title in the chapter, i just thought it sounded funny lmao. ANYWAYS thank you for all the support guys - pls know i appreciate all of yall :D (also the flow of this chapter is absolute shit sorry in advance)

mars: did we decide to give techno long dyed hair just because i wanted the braiding interaction? yes. well. that and the fact that fucker is somehow still faceless even though hes done a face reveal. anyways.

rea: hello. im failing two classes but i chose to write fanfics instead and uh. awesamdad content pls. much love. ty for reading

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The arrival to New York City was uneventful. Because of the traffic jam they’d gotten stuck in, they’d ended up arriving later than the time they’d originally planned on. They’d all filed into their designated hotel, most of them tired and barely able to keep standing. Some were leaning heavily on each other for support; Sapnap was one of them, leaning on Quackity with nearly all his weight, and Karl standing off to the side and snapping pictures while giggling quietly. Sam had to check them in, with Dream barely being able to move with how clingy George was being.

“Do we have room assignments?” Sam asked, returning to the drowsy group with a collection of room cards.

“No,” Dream answered. “You guys are free to choose, once again. Make sure you room with people you’re comfortable sharing a bed with; we booked eight rooms and we’re not wasting money on any more, so everyone’s going to have to deal with it. Of course, all the rooms have a couch that turns into a pullout bed, in case you guys want to use that. Any questions?”

Several shaking heads. Dream gave a weak thumbs up. “Alright then. Everyone go ahead and choose your rooms; I’ll be rooming with George, Sapnap, Karl, and Quackity in...” Dream paused, motioning for Sam to pass him one of the room keycards. Sam obeyed, handing one over. “Room 263. Okay. Go wild, everyone.”

Many yawned, half-heartedly asking each other if they’d be fine with rooming together. Fundy immediately scrambled away from Hbomb, attaching himself to Phil and begging him to let him

room with him. (Phil agreed; whether it was out of pity or not was up for debate.) Somehow, the four minors ended up together as well, to Ranboo's greatest (I thought I'd finally get sleep this trip!) displeasure. Skeppy and Bad also paired up, a silent conversation passing between them before they both nodded and went back to being half asleep on each other. The girls ended up asking Sam and Hbomb to room with them, claiming that the two "drank the most respect women juice" of everyone there. They agreed, and after another five minutes of quiet, sleepy conversation, everyone headed up to their rooms with their groups, dragging their suitcases and backpacks with them.

"I'm so glad I can finally sleep now," Ponk yawned on the elevator ride up.

Mumbles of agreement answered him. Some others yawned.

When the elevator dinged and its doors opened, everyone filed out quietly, many with their eyes half open and half conscious. They all split up at the intersection area, heading off to their respective hallways in which their rooms resided in.

"Hey, George, we have to share," Dream mentioned as Karl swung the door to their room open.

"Share what?" George asked groggily, rubbing his eyes.

"A bed."

George seemed to bolt awake at that. "No."

Dream pouted. "Why not?"

George ignored him, breaking free of Dream's half hug and sauntering into the room. "Where's the couch?"

"George, we have to share-"

"No. Absolutely not. Not a *chance*. Cuddle with Sapnap or something; I'm taking the couch. Do not touch me, do not try and argue with me, and do not come within six feet of me. Karl, Quackity, you two can share a bed or whatever. Or sleep on the floor. I don't care. I'm just not gonna cuddle with Dream."

They all stared at him as he expertly pulled out the pullout bed and set his backpack on it.

"Thank you and goodnight," He offered, kicking off his shoes and flopping on the bed, burying his face into the mattress. Dream opened his mouth to say something, only to hesitate and not say it at all.

"Don't you want pillows and blankets, or any of that stuff?" Karl asked.

"He already has the couch pillows," Sapnap pointed out.

George didn't respond. Instead, he got up and robotically grabbed two of the four pillows sitting on the closest bed and threw it onto the couch before crawling back onto the pullout and loosening the blankets tightly wound around the mattress. "Goodnight."

Quackity draped himself across the bed that hadn't been disturbed. "Come cuddle with me, Karl."

Sapnap feigned hurt. "Just Karl? What about me?"

"Fuck off, Sapnap," Quackity retaliated.

“Oh, wow, okay, I see how it is. Dream, cuddle with me.”

“What? No.”

“But you were so willing to do it with George-”

“No, I said we’d have to share a bed, not that we’d have to *cuddle*. ”

“Sure. It’s okay, I get it. You don’t wanna give me, a homie you love, a few cuddles, but you’ll willingly share a bed with George, a homie you *love*. I see how it is here.”

Dream sputtered. “What-”

“Sapnap, come join us,” Karl called from the bed. “Leave Dream to sleep alone. Let him feel the pain of being single and oblivious.”

Sapnap obliged, flopping on top of him and Quackity while giving Dream the middle finger. Dream gave him one back before flopping on the empty bed, taking his shoes off and not bothering with changing.

“Someone turn the lights off,” George mumbled from his spot on the couch.

“You do it,” Sapnap answered.

“No.”

“Yes.”

“No.”

“You’re so lazy, George.”

“Sure I am.”

“Stop arguing,” Dream groaned, getting up and turning the light off himself. “There. Now goodnight everyone.”

“G’night.”

“Sleep well!”

“Mmm. ‘ight”

“Night.”

Putting Vurb and Spifey in the same room as Bad and Skeppy had been a horrible idea.

At least, that’s what Skeppy personally thought.

They’d gotten into bed (after washing up), and they were now lying quietly in the dark.

Mostly. Vurb, at random intervals, kept whispering “Skephalo?”, preventing Bad and Skeppy from actually being able to fall asleep.

And as most people were when prevented from sleeping, Bad was cranky and mildly pissed off.

“Skephalo?” Vurb whispered for like the fourteen hundredth time that night.

“Vurb, shut up,” Bad grumbled, annoyance clear in his voice.

“Please,” Skeppy added.

“Are you guys cuddling?” Spifey asked.

“Secretly kissing?” Vurb added.

“Maybe holding hands?”

Skeppy, who was facing the two, glared at him. “No.”

“Aww, come on now,” Vurb said, sitting halfway up and propping himself up on one arm. “Don’t you want to cuddle and stay warm? Y’know, body heat and all?”

“Fuck off,” Skeppy offered.

“You tell them,” Bad mumbled. “Language though.”

Spifey awed. “You guys are so in love.”

“They are,” Vurb agreed.

“I’m going to sleep and if either of you guys wake me up one more time I’m going to throw a knife at you,” Bad threatened.

“Ooh, getting violent now, are we?”

“Please shut up,” Skeppy groaned. “I want to *sleep*.”

Vurb and Spifey, kindly enough, shut up and went to sleep, allowing all of them to get the chance to properly rest up before the next day.

In the room with the four minors, on the other hand, the exact opposite was happening.

“Y’know, I’ve been thinking a lot recently,” Tubbo whispered. “About why Wilbur hates anteaters so much.”

Tommy propped himself up on one arm, laying on his side. “Really?”

“Yeah,” Tubbo said. “Like. They t-pose when they feel threatened. Have you seen the pictures of them doing that? It’s horrible. No wonder Wilbur doesn’t like them.”

Tommy reached for his phone, unlocking it and searching it up. “Do they actually?” He pulled up the results, clicking on images. “Oh, my god, okay, nope,” Tommy said, closing the tab and placing his phone back on the nightstand beside him. “That *is* horrifying.”

Beside Ranboo, Purpled groaned and got up, squatting down next to his duffel bag and shuffling through it.

Tubbo continued whisper-talking. “Oh! Tommy, I was thinking a bit about my character in the SMP! I was thinking, what if we somehow coded it so that whenever I died, a bunch of angry bees would spawn in?”

“Tubbo, what the fuck?”

Purpled aha-ed triumphantly, interrupting Ranboo’s zoned-out listening session. “Found ‘em!”

He was holding a small container, which contained what was clearly earplugs. Ranboo watched as Purpled crawled back into the bed and shoved them into his ears, pulling the covers over himself once again before drifting off.

Ranboo sighed, pulling out his phone and opening the texting app.

some illegal shit, probably

1:49 AM

ranboo: i just wanted sleep

ranboo: but no

ranboo: it never changes

ranboo: how are they not tired

wilbur: you poor child

DIRECT MESSAGES → technoblade

1:54 AM

ranboo: i’m tired and need a hug

techno: would you like me to deliver a hug?

ranboo: yes

ranboo: please

techno: are you serious

ranboo: very

techno: do you actually want me to sneak out to give you a hug

ranboo: yes

techno: ok

techno: meet me at the elevators

ranboo: okay

Ranboo got up, moving carefully as to not wake Purpled. Tubbo and Tommy didn’t ask any questions, continuing to blabber on in very loud whisper voices.

He completely forgot about grabbing one of the room keys; he only took his phone and a hoodie with him, opening and closing the door as quietly as he could before walking to where the elevators were in long strides.

Techno was already waiting for him there, dressed comfortably in sweats with his long hair falling loosely atop his shoulders.

When he noticed Ranboo approaching, he shifted and held his arms open, a clear invitation. Ranboo stumbled into it, slumping slightly and hugging back.

“Thanks,” He mumbled into Techno’s shirt.

Techno awkwardly patted his back, effortlessly supporting Ranboo’s slumped figure. “Mhm.”

They stood there silently, arms around each other and a comforting aura surrounding them.

“Feeling better?” Techno finally asked after several long minutes had passed.

“Yes,” Ranboo yawned, pulling away. “Thank you.”

“Anytime.” Techno shifted awkwardly, shoving his hands into his pockets. “So, uh, you gonna head back to bed, or-”

“I’m not going back to my room for at least another hour,” Ranboo responded firmly. “I’m going downstairs. You’re free to go back, though.”

“Nah, I’ll come,” Techno dismissed. “I’ve got nothing better to do anyway.”

Ranboo nodded his head in understanding, passive aggressively pressing the elevator buttons before stepping back and watching the numbers above the elevators slowly rise.

“So,” Ranboo said.

“So,” Techno echoed.

“I don’t know how to start up a conversation. Uh. How long is your hair?”

Techno shrugged as the elevators dinged, indicating that one was now ready for them to step into. “Maybe about eighteen inches?”

“Oh, wow, that is long. Well, I mean, I already knew it was long, but,” Ranboo waved his hands around. “Y’know. The numbers like. Set it in place.”

Techno grunted. The elevator doors reopened with a ding, now opening up to the hotel lobby instead of a hallway full of doors.

The two quietly made their way towards the hotel dining area. It was empty and relatively quiet, save for the couple sitting in the corner whispering quietly to themselves.

Ranboo sat down at the nearest table. Techno made his way to the vending machine, sticking in a few coins and selecting an energy drink before settling down in the chair across from Ranboo.

“Why’d you even decide to grow your hair out and dye it in the first place?” Ranboo asked when Techno opened the can and began chugging the drink.

“It’s called running on two hours of sleep, energy drinks, and not backing down from a dare, my friend,” he answered, setting the drink down with a soft *clang*. He shook his head slightly, forcing his hair to stray away from his face.

“Does it ever get annoying to take care of?”

“Sometimes.”

Ranboo stared at Techno, thinking. "Have you ever tried braiding it?"

Techno blinked. "Um. Not really, why?"

"To feed the stans," Ranboo deadpanned. "No. To *style* it, obviously. What else?"

"Oh." Techno shrugged, taking another sip of his drink. "No. I don't really know how to braid."

"...I could do it for you?" Ranboo offered hesitantly, a nervous smile on his lips. "I mean. You don't have to accept, of course. But if you'd like, I know how to braid...?"

"Really?" Techno shifted in his seat. "Well, I don't see why not."

Ranboo's smile widened.

They sat there for quite some time, chatting quietly as Ranboo finished braiding Techno's hair and finished it off with a convenient hair band Techno had had.

"Alright," Ranboo took a step back, admiring his work, before grabbing his phone out of the pocket of his hoodie and unlocking it. He fumbled with it for a moment, before opening the camera app and passing it to Techno, "here, take a look."

Techno took it from him, toying around with different angles to get a better look. An easy smile fell onto his face.

"Hey, that doesn't look bad," he said thoughtfully, glancing behind him to meet Ranboo's nervous gaze, "Where'd you even learn how to braid that well?"

Ranboo shrugged, sliding back into his seat, "I don't remember, honestly. Huh. Ironic."

Techno snorted, handing the phone back to its owner. "Well, you really are good at it."

Ranboo smiled sheepishly.

The two of them fell into aimless conversation once more. By now, neither of them could be sure what time it was. The couple that had occupied the table in the corner farthest from them had left ages ago now, which left them alone.

After another twenty minutes of talking, it was becoming quite clear that the drowsiness was starting to catch up with Ranboo; his eyes were beginning to droop shut, and he was stifling yawns behind his hand.

Eventually, he'd passed out completely, slumped over with his head resting in his arms. There was no way Techno would let him sleep in a hotel lobby, but he didn't want to wake him, so, naturally, he did what any responsible adult would do in this situation.

He carried him.

Originally, he thought it would be very difficult to do, given the fact that Ranboo was quite tall - taller than him, even, which was a bit of an achievement - but he really didn't have to worry: Ranboo practically curled in on himself the moment Techno had picked him up, which made him appear much smaller than usual.

They'd gotten quite a few looks from the staff and other inhabitants of the hotel that had been wandering the halls, but honestly, Techno was too tired to do anything more than send a glare in their vague direction as he waited for the elevator.

Now, he'd made it back to the minors' room without much difficulty, but the moment he reached the door, something clicked: Techno didn't have a key, and he sure as hell wasn't about to pat Ranboo down and check if he had one on him, either. He groaned internally, and began trudging towards his room.

He'd struggled to get the door open, standing awkwardly outside and fumbling with the key before he managed to unlock it, and nudged the door open with his foot.

Techno had to hold back a snort the moment his eyes adjusted to the darkness around him: Fundy had been kicked out of his bed, and was now sprawled out on the floor, and Wilbur appeared to be inches from falling off of his.

Techno walked into the room, shutting the door behind him and doing his best to not trip over the luggage scattered on the floor.

He really needed to have a talk with the others about staying organized, but for now, he needed to focus on giving Ranboo a proper place to lie down in.

Techno shuffled over, slowly setting him down on the available space in Wilbur's bed for the time being, allowing himself to move about quicker and get the pullout set up.

He had managed to do so without causing much of a disturbance, and was relieved to see that Ranboo was still fast asleep. He scooped the other back into his arms, crossing the small threshold between the foot of Wilbur's bed and the couch, and carefully laid him down on the pullout.

Techno watched for a few seconds more as Ranboo seemed to discover the newfound availability of the space around him, before sauntering back over to Wilbur's bed and grabbing the two spare pillows and a blanket that had been discarded, which were *supposed* to be Techno's, but he could do without them for tonight.

He set the pillows near the other two that Ranboo already had, allowing him access to them if he needed it, and carefully draped the spare blanket over his sleeping figure.

Well, that had been easier than he thought it would be.

Techno yawned, climbing into bed himself.

As cliché as it sounded, he passed out the second his head hit the pillow he had not-so-subtly stolen from Wilbur.

He slept rather well that night.

"Is everyone here?" Phil asked loudly over the chatter. When no one answered, Sam just sighed and started doing a headcount, lightly tapping everyone's heads as he did.

"...Twenty-nine, thirty, thirty-one, thirty-two, and thirty-three. Yup, we're all here."

"Great." Phil gently began nudging everyone towards the doors, sending apologetic looks to everyone they accidentally bumped into. "Come on, now, we're on a schedule. We have a booking for the ten o'clock tour, we want to get there on time."

"I'm hungry," Skeppy whined.

"That's what you get for sleeping in and missing breakfast," Bad scolded as the group split off in the hotel parking lot, rummaging through his backpack and pulling out a granola bar. "Here, you can have this and deal with it until we get lunch."

Skeppy grumbled, accepting the food. Bad rolled his eyes.

"I've already been to the Statue of Liberty," Skeppy grumbled, biting into the granola bar. "Why can't we go to some candy shop or something?"

"Because this is how we planned the trip," Bad answered. "Now stop complaining."

Skeppy grumbled some more.

"Bad! You've got the address?"

Bad turned to Jimmy, grinning. "Yup! I'll see you there!"

Jimmy gave him a thumbs up before moving onto the next group, double checking that everyone knew where they were going.

Bad turned to Skeppy, grabbed his hand, and dropped the car keys in them. "You're driving."

Skeppy blinked, then looked at his newfound possession. "Whaurt?"

"You're driving," Bad repeated. "I want to do navigation. And don't talk with food in your mouth, that's disgusting!"

Skeppy rolled his eyes, shoving the rest of the food into his mouth before opening the car door, hopping in before Bad could say anything else. The passenger door opened not even a minute later, with Bad climbing in while still muttering about the rudeness of talking with your mouth full under his breath.

Skeppy rolled his eyes fondly, starting the engine and waiting for the rest of their carpool group to get in the car.

He smiled when Bad began rambling about the Statue of Liberty

He blatantly ignored the suggestive looks Ant and Red gave him when they climbed into the car.

They could fuck off for all he cared.

The trip was going well.

A little *too* well.

Which was why when Tommy started being dramatic and half of the group began threatening to throw each other into the water, Sam was not one bit surprised.

"Phil, Phil, PHIL!" Tommy shrieked, uncourteous of everyone else waiting both in front and behind them in the ticket line. "WILBUR IS TRYING TO THROW ME OFF!"

Wilbur, who was standing a good four feet away from him, stared at him. “Tommy, I haven’t even touched you-”

“PHIL, PHIL, HELP, HE’S TRYING TO-”

“Tommy, if you don’t shut the fuck up, I’ll start trying too!” Phil threatened, audibly done with his bullshit.

Amidst the chaos, Techno snuck up and lifted Tommy up, sending him into another fit of shrieks.

“Tubbo, Tubbo, TUBBO! HELP ME!”

“No,” came Tubbo’s automatic response, not taking his eyes off his phone.

“WHAT- OW, TECHNO- WHY?”

“Yes.”

“That doesn’t make any *sense* ?!” Tommy yelped.

Tubbo just flashed him a brief grin before going back to whatever was on his phone. Tommy continued shrieking.

Sam dragged a hand down his face.

They weren’t the only ones doing this. To his right, Dream and George were doing something quite similar.

“George,” Dream whined. “George. Georgeeeee. Georgieeee. Georgie poo. Gogyyy.” He pouted.

“Why won’t you answer me?”

“Because you’re annoying,” George retorted, blatantly ignoring Dream’s lighthearted poking.

“If I were to, theoretically, stop being annoying, would you talk to me?”

George gave Dream a deadpan look. “If I were to, theoretically, attempt to throw you into the water-”

“Okay, okay, I’ll shut up!”

“Good grief.”

Sam rolled his eyes. The group in front of them moved, opening up the spot to the ticket booth.

“Hello,” Sam greeted, giving the teller a smile as he stepped up.

“Hello! How may I help you today?”

“Er, we’ve got a booking-” Sam began.

“Techno, stop trying to *throw me into the water!*” Tommy yelled in the background

“For the ten o’clock tour-”

“George! Get off my *fucking back!*” Sapnap screeched.

“For thirty-”

“I SAID TOES!” Vurb cried.

“-three people,” Sam finished.

The ticket teller didn’t even blink. “What name is it under?”

“Uh,” Sam paused. “I have no idea. Dream, if I recall correctly?”

The teller typed it in, clicking a few things before giving Sam a smile. “Yup! Thirty-three bookings for the ten o’clock Statue of Liberty tour?”

“That’s the one, yup,” Sam confirmed. The teller clicked a few more things before handing Sam the tickets and bidding him a good tour and rest of the day.

“Okay, everyone, let’s go!”

“VURB, GET AWAY FROM MY TOES!” Ponk wailed.

Sam sighed. Puffy let out a pained laugh.

“They’re so chaotic, Puffy,” Sam moaned.

“I know,” Puffy chuckled. “I know. But honestly, I’d be more worried if they *weren’t* acting like this.”

Sam let out another groan. “I hate that you’re right.”

“SOMEBODY GET H AWAY FROM ME,” Fundy bawled, cringing away from said person.

“We’re gonna die,” Puffy said.

“Yeah,” Sam said. “We totally are.”

The cruise part of the trip was uneventful. Phil had sat them all down and sternly lectured all of them, telling them that if anyone even *hinted* at doing something remotely dangerous or rule breaking worthy, he’d lock them out of the wifi for three days when they got back home. Everyone took that threat seriously, seating themselves and chatting quietly amongst themselves. Some of them had cameras out, recording the trip to turn into videos.

(Videos that might potentially end up being released anywhere between a week and a year after the trip, but the content and idea was what counted.)

Sam himself sat next to Ponk, who was aimlessly chatting about build ideas he had for the SMP. Currently, he was rambling about the destruction of his original lemon tree and how he planned on rebuilding it at an undisclosed location, not-so-subtly jabbing at George the whole time.

“Now, if you look in the distance,” Ranboo whispered dramatically, sitting in front of Sam with a camera aimed towards the other side of the boat where Tommy and Tubbo were sitting, in deep conversation. “We’ve got a wild Tommyinnit in the distance, in its natural habitat. Watch carefully.”

Tommy said something before laughing, slapping Tubbo’s back and grinning widely. Tubbo

thrust his phone into Tommy's face, pointing at whatever was on the screen and talking rapid fire.

"The wild Tommyinnit appears to be interacting with a wild Tubbo-underscore, how fascinating," Ranboo commented comically.

"Now, if you wait and watch," Phil added, smirking playfully. "You'll see that this peaceful behavior is only seen when Tommyinnit is interacting with Tubbo-underscore."

They sat quietly and waited, camera still aimed towards the two. When George turned to Tommy to ask him something and Tommy responded with exaggeration motions and clear sass, Phil and Ranboo looked at each other and promptly burst out laughing.

"The flowers are so pretty!" Niki mentioned, smiling brightly and taking pictures with her phone. The island was vast, with richly colored grass taking up large sections and colorful fall leaves decorating the top of the grass like sprinkles on a cupcake.

Puffy smiled. It really was a beautiful sight.

The statue itself was as grand as it was said to be.

Puffy hummed to herself, following the group and distantly listening to Phil lecture everyone about being polite and not creating a scene. To the side, Dream was asking who wanted to climb to the crown of the statue.

Puffy was surprised; getting tickets to see the Statue of Liberty was hard enough; getting tickets to climb to the crown was nearly impossible. Yet somehow, Dream had managed to reserve five of them, for a sixth of the whole group to go up and experience the opportunity.

Puffy already knew she was not going to be one of those people.

The statue was *tall*. That meant the walk up would be long and very likely to be difficult. And as fit as she was, Puffy was most definitely not going to put herself through that.

Instead, she'd watch the people who wanted to go suffer.

She was prepared though. She'd brought a few extra water bottles and a handful of fruit snacks and granola bars in case anyone got hungry or ran out of their own water. She wasn't the only one who'd done so as well, so she believed they'd all survive until they got to their lunch reservation.

Puffy greatly underestimated how quickly those fuckers could get hungry.

So far, while waiting for the daring souls who'd wanted to climb the statue to return, she'd ran out of granola bars, half of her fruit snack stash, and had all but one water bottle taken.

When she asked Sam, Bad, Phil and Hbomb how their respective stashes were doing, they all responded with similar results.

"Is it just me, or has Quackity been stealing all your fruit snacks?" Bad asked, shuffling through his bag as they waited for the five brave climbers to return from their trip. "I'm pretty sure he's taken like two-thirds of my stash."

“Karl’s been stealing most of mine,” Sam responded. “Well, not *steal*, obviously, but he keeps asking for them.”

“My stash was depleted five minutes into the cruise ride by Wilbur and Tubbo, so I wouldn’t know,” Phil piped up. “All I have left is water and two granola bars.”

“You poor man,” Hbomb said. “You poor, poor father.”

“Never get kids,” Phil deadpanned. “It’s a horrible experience.”

“Kids are okay,” Bad hummed. “At least most of them are. If you get stuck with five year olds like George and Sapnap though, then yeah, I could see why that might be a horrible experience.”

“I like kids,” Puffy supplied. “Especially the overbearingly sweet ones. You can never say no to them.”

Everyone hummed in agreement.

“Are we talking about kids here? Children? Hmm?”

Phil let out a tired sigh.

“Hello, Tommy,” Sam greeted, giving him his signature smile and offering him a fruit snack package. “How are you doing?”

“Good, good, Big S! How are you all? What is being discussed?”

“Kids,” Bad said.

“Kids,” Tommy repeated, ripping open the fruit snack from Sam and popping one in his mouth. “Acquired through the art of sex. Interesting. Shall I whip out my How to Sex books for this? Maybe even all three volumes?”

“Language!” Bad scolded as Phil let out an impossibly deep sigh.

“So, should I?” Tommy asked, taking out his phone. “I have it right here-”

“Please don’t,” Sam said at the same time Hbomb answered with, “You’re *what* books?”

Puffy groaned alongside Phil when Tommy’s eyes filled with horror. “Big H, are you not aware of my How to Sex books?”

“Well, I’ve heard of them,” Hbomb said.

“Oh, okay. Good, good.”

Phil let out a sigh of relief.

Sam’s phone rang. He picked up, pressing the device up against his right ear and squinting into the distance. “Hello?”

Some incomprehensible squabbles.

“Yeah. Uh-huh.”

Some more squabbling.

“Yeah. Uh, go straight and then left towards where the lockers are. We’re in the field like right next to them.”

More noises. Sam hung up, pocketing the phone.

“Are they back?” Puffy asked hopefully. As patient as she typically was, she was *starving* and wanted to go eat a proper meal.

Sam grinned. “Hey, everyone!”

Everyone glanced at him, giving him their attention.

“Who’s hungry?”

Several raised hands and noises of agreement.

“Well, y’all are in luck, because we’re going to be heading out to that lunch reservation real soon!”

Whoops and cheers of celebration met the declaration.

If Puffy was one of them, no one needed to know.

Chapter End Notes

join our discord! it's pretty poggers we thinks owo
<https://discord.gg/K9JgJSAkRq>

speedrunning a shit + speedrunning away from people

Chapter Summary

karl: would you hurry up? you've been in there for like, what, twenty minutes?

quackity: well what do you want me to do, karl? speedrun my shit?

Chapter Notes

jem: heLLOO holy shit thank you all so so much for 10k+ hits. pls know we appreciate every single one of you guys and we are sorry for going so long without updating TvT. have fun with this chapter! Next Up: somebody's brithday!:eyes:

mars: heLLO. we have 10.4k hits now, which is fucking pogchamp and feels very unreal but thank you guys. i hope youre enjoying the hell you dragged yourself into by clicking on this. uh. yeah. :DD

rea: HELLO CHILDREN. MUCH LOVE TO YOU ALL FOR READING THIS EVEN THOUGH WE'RE ALL SLEEP DEPRIVED. JOIN THE DISCORD ITS VERY POG. (alsoalso, we're posting this on mars' birthday so wish xem a happy birthday or i will punt you into the sun :)) LOVE YALL

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

New York was a relatively nice place.

The people Punz was there with, however, were not.

Namely Hbomb, Wilbur, and, surprisingly, Ranboo.

Hbomb was simply torturing him, rather than Fundy (for some reason) with catmaid bits. Wilbur was just being... well, Wilbur. And Ranboo was just being a competitive asshole.

Well. It was more him playfully rubbing things in his face rather than being competitive, but still. It was annoying the hell out of Punz and that's what mattered.

“Punz, you look like you’re about to pop a vein,” Wilbur noted casually as Punz tapped furiously away on his phone, trying to drown out the excessive amount of noise surrounding him. “Are you alright?”

“Am I alright? Am I *alright?!?*” Punz exploded, throwing his hands in the air and drawing looks from others standing in the lobby. “I am *suffering!* H won’t leave me alone, Ranboo won’t stop rubbing his wins in my face, you won’t shut up, Tommy won’t shut up, half of the people here won’t shut up, Dream is ignoring me because George is a clingy asshole and is annoyed that Dream played along with the whole “you betrayed me!” bit we’ve been doing for ages, and-”

“Okay,” Phil said, placing a hand on Punz’s shoulder (effectively shutting him up) and looking at

everyone with a rather intimidating stare. “Everyone will shut up and behave from this minute onward. Lower your voices a bit if you’re going to chat. Stop tormenting others. And for the love of god, *please* stop messing up your suits. It’s like half of you guys have never worn one before.”

Everyone grumbled but complied, quieting down a bit. Tommy stopped playing with his tie, guiltily straightening his suit.

“We got the food!” Karl exclaimed, quickly approaching them with arms full of snacks. Quackity and Sapnap followed closely behind, arms also full of snacks. “We can go find our seats now.”

They all complied, moving in a hoard towards the theater. The ticket person took their stack of tickets, scanning them and giving them the much needed directions to their seats. Everyone trailed after Ponk, who’d somehow ended up at the very front of their group while talking to Sam.

The theater was large. Expected of a New York City Broadway theater, Punz supposed. It was simple but grand, and the seats looked very comfortable.

Good. Punz needed comfortable.

They all piled into their seats, lightly shoving and pushing as they fought to sit next to their closest friends. Punz just sat down on the first available seat, letting out a deep groan.

“You okay, dude?” Eret asked, giving Punz a concerned look. Punz waved it off.

“I’m alright. Just a bit exhausted from all the hyperactive idiots we’re surrounded by.”

“You take that back!” Tubbo exclaimed playfully from behind him, leaning forward and sticking his head right by Punz’s. Punz leaned away slightly, smiling passive-aggressively. “No.”

“Take it back!”

“Nah.”

“Take it bac-”

“Quiet down a little,” Sam scolded gently, seating himself on the other side of Punz. “The show’s going to be starting soon. Tubbo, get back in your seat please.”

“Okay, Sam,” Tubbo obeyed, sitting down and going back to his conversation with Ranboo and Tommy. Punz let out another sigh.

“It gets exhausting sometimes, dealing with them,” Sam hummed, quirking an eyebrow at Punz. “How are you feeling?”

“Tired,” Punz answered. “And sick of everyones bullshit.”

Sam nodded sympathetically. “I get that. Do you have a headache?”

Punz shook his head. “No. Any more of this chaotic shit though, and I might just get one.”

“Well, let me know if you do develop one,” Sam chuckled. “I’ve got some ibuprofen that you can take if you need something to ease the pain.”

“Thanks,” Punz said. “You’re pretty great, has anyone ever told you that?”

Sam shrugged. “I suppose. Really, I’m just doing my part in keeping everyone in line. Don’t want

Phil to die trying to handle everyone by himself, y'know?"

Punz laughed, leaning back in his seat. "Yeah," he said. "Yeah. I get that."

The lights chose that moment to dim. The whole theater immediately quieted, the louder chatter dipping instantly to quiet whisperings. Punz almost laughed out loud at how dimming lights were just as effective as Philza's death glares in quieting his noisy-as-fuck housemates.

"Oo, it's starting," Bad whispered. Punz could practically hear Skeppy's eye roll as he responded (rather fondly, Punz noted with a smirk) with, "Yeah, so shut up, Bad."

Bad shut up. The show began.

Big man Tommyinnit was having the time of his life.

Hamilton? Live? At fucking *Broadway*? One of the best things Tommy had ever had the honor of attending.

He was fucking *jamming*.

He couldn't remember the last time he'd gone to watch something live on stage. It didn't really matter though - he was having such a great time at the moment.

Beside him, Wilbur was singing along under his breath, tapping his foot and nodding along to the rhythm. He looked ready to hop on stage and start dancing along. Tommy didn't blame him - if he could, he'd do the exact same thing.

Phil was giggling silently at them, shoulders shaking as he hid his smile behind his hand. Beside him, Techno made absolutely no move to hide the fact that he was laughing at them, lips quirked up in a smirk and shoulders vibrating, signifying his quiet laughter.

Tommy flipped them off. They both offered the finger right back at him.

He could hear someone behind them sigh in exasperation. Tommy couldn't bring himself to care; after all, nothing could ruin this experience.

Okay. One thing could ruin this experience.

One might ask, *what could it possibly be?*

Dream and George's very, *very* obvious sexual tension.

Really, what else could it possibly be?

(Certainly not *another certain duo's very obvious mutual pining*. No, definitely not.)

Currently, they were at the *Say No To This* scene, and Dream and George *would not stop glancing at each other*.

Tommy wanted to scream. But really, who could blame him? Those two had enough sexual tension

for ten couples. It was rather astounding that they still weren't together. If Tommy gave more than two shits about it, he would've probably already tried getting them to go on a date. But, alas, it'd never been a problem in Tommy's life up until now, so he'd never bothered to do anything of the sort.

The point here was, their sexual tension was ruining the show and Tommy was about to punch both of them for it.

No one else seemed to notice the two besides Sapnap, but he didn't look one bit mad. In fact, he was smirking at them, waggling his eyebrows at the duo only to get half hearted glares back from both of them.

Tommy momentarily considered giving Sapnap a bloody nose as well. He immediately took that back when Sapnap hissed, "Okay it was funny at first but now it's too much - can you two *please* stop staring at each other? The sexual tension you guys are radiating is insane."

Dream and George both flushed red, turning to stare distractedly at the stage.

Tommy made a mental note to buy Sapnap Chick-fil-A as a thank you.

"Man, that was great!" Eret exclaimed, stretching his arms out as they walked out, the cool night air hitting his face. "I can't wait to get out of this suit though."

"No kidding," Dream groaned beside him. "As great as the show was, I cannot *wait* to get back into my sweats."

Eret heard George hum in agreement from behind them. As they walked, he distantly caught wind of Quackity teasing Sapnap.

"I can't believe you *cried!*" Quackity exclaimed, slapping Sapnap's back and wheezing hard enough to rival Dream. "It's not *that* emotional - man, are you really that big of a softie?"

"Leave me alone," Sapnap grumbled. Karl gave him a sympathetic shoulder pat, smiling softly. "It was sad, okay?"

"Not that sad," Quackity countered as Eret asked Dream if Sapnap had actually cried.

"He did," Dream confirmed. "When Hamilton's son died. It wasn't like, bawling though. Just a few tears."

"Ah."

"Mhm. I can't lie though, it *was* kinda sad. Not enough to cry, but definitely sad."

Eret hummed. He'd already seen Hamilton multiple times, so he fully expected it. He hadn't expected anyone to cry though.

Heh. Eret thought as everyone began piling into the cars to leave. *Pussies.*

Tommy couldn't sleep.

Usually, he could sleep fine. But tonight, his dreams wouldn't leave him alone. And when a nightmare woke him up for the third time that night, he'd had enough.

He sat up in the plush hotel bed, careful not to wake Tubbo. Pushing the sheets off of himself, he moved to stand up and stretched briefly before grabbing his phone and stepping outside his room into the hallway.

Tommy paused.

Fuck. Which room was Philza's again?

He stood there, eyes half open and brain fuzzy as he tried to recall which room Phil was rooming in. When he drew up a blank after more than five minutes of thinking, he yawned and began shuffling down the hallway, taking a wild guess and knocking on the door to room 266 lightly.

He hoped it was the right room. He didn't want to burden anyone he wasn't close with with two am nightmare problems.

No one answered. Tommy knocked again, though a bit more hesitantly. "....Phil?"

He stood there hesitantly. It was highly probable that Phil was sleeping, and even more likely that he couldn't hear the soft knocking from Tommy. Sighing, he began turning to return to his room when the door creaked open softly.

He turned around, wide eyed, to stare at Sam, who had a pair of black glasses perched on his nose, eyes bleary and definitely half asleep. He was dressed in grey sweats and a faded creeper t-shirt, feet bare. He seemed to straighten at the sight of Tommy.

"Tommy?"

"Sorry," Tommy rushed out, babbling. "Sorry to bother you. I, uh, thought this was someone else's room. Sorry, I'll go-"

"No, no! It's okay!" Sam said, peering at Tommy. "Is something wrong?"

"No," Tommy answered, talking much too quickly for it to actually be nothing. "No. I- I'm okay. It's fine. Just-"

"Tommy," Sam said, voice slow and grounding. "Tommy. Relax. Breathe."

Tommy tensed.

"Relax," Sam repeated, tone soft. "Nothing's gonna hurt you."

Tommy relaxed a tiny bit. Sam gave him a smile.

"There you go. Now breathe steadily for me?"

In two, out four. Tommy forced himself to slow his breathing down, relaxing completely.

"There we go. Now, are you sure you're okay?"

“Um.” Tommy hesitated. He considered his options and outcomes. On one hand, he could deny everything and go back to bed, but have a higher risk of falling victim to another nightmare. On the other, he could tell Sam and end up burdening him with unnecessary things. But if he told Sam, he would probably be able to sleep well for the rest of the night. But that was if he was-

“Tommy.” Sam’s voice snapped him out of his thoughts. He looked at him. Sam’s eyes were wrinkled in worry. “Hey. You know you don’t have to tell me anything you don’t want to, right? If you’re uncomfortable with telling me, you don’t have to.”

Tommy relaxed at that.

“But I’d like to help, if I can,” Sam continued, voice gentle. “But if you’d rather just sit with someone else for a little bit, I can do that too.”

“Really?”

Sam nodded.

“Can... You really wouldn’t mind? I know it’s late, and I probably woke you up, so I understand if you’d like to just go to sleep.”

“Now, what kind of person would I be if I just left a teenager moping around about something at two am in a hotel hallway hours away from home by themselves?” Sam said, cracking a smile. “Let me go grab my room key and we can sit out in the hallway for a bit.”

Tommy nodded.

Sam did as he said - he returned not even a minute later with his phone and keycard in hand, lightly shutting the door behind him and immediately flopping down onto the floor. He patted the spot next to him.

Tommy sat down.

“I had a nightmare,” He blurted out before he could stop himself. Sam didn’t show any signs of repulsion, humming lightly to show that he was listening. Tommy took that as a safe sign to continue. “It wasn’t like one of those ‘something is chasing you through the dark woods’ kind of scary though. It, um.” Tommy paused. Sam gave him an encouraging nod.

“Well. It seems kind of stupid, but it’s about everyone leaving me. Like. Phil, Tubbo, Techno, Wilbur, all of you guys, all of my friends, all of my family. I lose popularity, no one loves me anymore, that kinda thing.”

“That’s not stupid,” Sam said quietly after a momentary silence. “I get that. It’s not stupid, Tommy, and I can promise you right now that that will never happen. Would you like a hug?”

Tommy nodded. Sam gave him a side hug, touch light.

“Thanks,” Tommy muttered after the hug was released.

Sam hummed. “It’s approaching three am now. Do you want to go back to bed or stay out a bit longer?”

“I’ll head back,” Tommy answered. “Um. Thanks, again. Goodnight.”

“Sleep well,” Sam offered, smiling as he stood up and waved him off. Tommy waved as well,

heading back to his room feeling much better than he had half an hour ago.

“Dude!” Karl banged on the bathroom door, mildly irritated. “You’ve been in there for like twenty minutes, can you hurry up?”

“Well, what do you want me to do, Karl?” Quackity’s voice floated past the door. “Speedrun my shit?”

George choked on his water. Dream wheezed.

“Actually, yes,” Karl replied, not even the tiniest bit phased by Quackity’s sass. “We have to leave in like, forty minutes and only Sapnap and George have gotten a chance to wash up. Speedrun your shit and finish in five minutes or I will find a honking employee and get them to unlock this bathroom so I can wash up.”

“Okay, okay,” Quackity surrendered, voice slightly muffled. “Five minutes. I got it.”

“Thank you. And Sapnap, get off the bed and put on some clothes!”

“Mmnnff,” Was his reply.

“Dream, what color is this?” George asked, holding up a dark red t-shirt.

“Red,” Dream replied, tossing keys and his wallet onto the bed, narrowly missing Sapnap. “Is that all you’re gonna wear?”

“Probably.”

Dream’s eyebrows furrowed. “Do you want a hoodie to go with it? Weather reports say that it’s supposed to get cold today.”

“Oh.” George looked surprised, like he hadn’t expected Dream to care so much. “Yeah, sure.”

“Aren’t like, half the clothes that you packed hoodies though?” Sapnap asked, voice muffled by a pillow.

Karl threw another pillow at him, shushing him rather aggressively.

“Let them flirt,” he hissed. Sapnap threw the pillow back at him.

Behind him, Dream and George both flushed.

“Okay!” Quackity declared, throwing open the bathroom door unnecessarily dramatically and strutting out. “I have completed my shit! You can do your washing up now.” He glanced at Sapnap, who still had his face buried in a pillow, half dressed, then looked at Dream, who was laughing as he struggled to get a hoodie over George’s head.

“All I did was go take a shit, why does Sapnap look like he just came back from a four month hiking trip through hell and why are you two being all-” Quackity waved his arm around helplessly. “-cutesy?”

“Shut up,” George answered defensively, his embarrassed tone muffled by the hoodie that was yet to get over his head. Dream just wheezed harder.

“I didn’t trek through hell for four months, to be clear,” Sapnap offered, lifting his head off of the pillow. “But I certainly *feel* like I did.”

“Must suck,” Quackity offered before opening his suitcase, searching for something suitable to wear to the Empire State Building.

“Ow!” George yelled as the hoodie roughly made it’s way past his head and onto his body. “Okay, we’re never doing that again.”

“But-”

“No,” George cut in, glaring playfully at Dream before rolling his eyes. “We’re never doing it again.”

“Fine.”

“Now go and get ready, you big goof.”

Dream rolled his eyes. “We have plenty of time.”

(They ended up being the last group out the hotel and almost ruined the reservation. Quackity had laughed and blamed Dream for it. Dream, in return, threatened to take away his wifi, saying it was *his* fault for taking such a long shit. Karl sided with Dream. Sapnap and George had just watched and laughed.)

The trip had gone exceptionally well.

Somehow, they’d managed to avoid crossing paths with fans the whole time, which was a huge shock to all of them. But that didn’t quite mean they were safe though.

They still had approximately eighteen hours to go. And right now, everyone was split into four groups, touring freely around the city.

And currently, Sam was hyper aware of a group of teenagers that hadn’t stopped following them for the past ten minutes.

“Is it just me,” Punz finally whispered. “Or is that group of kids following us?”

“Definitely following us,” Sam answered. “For at least ten minutes, too. It’s creeping me out.”

“*Ten?* What the fuck. Dream. Yo, Dream.”

Dream glanced at them. “Yeah?”

“There’s a group of teenagers following us.”

“I noticed,” Dream said. “I thought that if we kept walking we’d either lose them or they’d go away.”

“Dream,” Sam said, voice dripping with sarcasm. “I’m not sure if you’ve noticed, but we’re walking around in a group of eight, and three of us are above six feet tall. We’re not exactly the easiest group to lose.”

“Okay, okay, good point. I still wanna see if they lose interest though.”

“Fine. We’ll give it fifteen minutes *max*.”

Dream nodded. They continued walking.

The teens continued following.

“Are they trying to be subtle about it?” George finally piped up after the kids had ducked into an alleyway for the sixth time. “Because if they are, they are doing a *horrible* job at it.”

“Like you can say shit about being *subtle*, ” Sarnap mumbled.

George kicked him. Karl caught him before he tripped and face planted.

“Okay, it’s been twelve minutes and they are yet to show any signs of disinterest,” Sam reported.

“If anything, I think they’re even more interested,” Ponk supplied happily.

Sam groaned. “Not exactly what we want, Ponky.”

“Stop flirting,” Quackity interrupted. “And start thinking. We need to lose them.”

“I think they’re fans,” Dream said.

“If they are, they sure have a creepy way of showing it.”

“Maybe they’re shy?”

They all stared at Dream. “They’ve been *stalking* us for like *half an hour*.”

“Okay, okay, claim proven wrong. What now?”

“Well, we have to lose them somehow,” Punz said, tapping his chin. “We can’t risk having them follow us to the hotel, especially if they are fans. Who knows what they’ll do. We also have to try and not get identified by anyone else, but that just depends on our luck. And we’ve got to meet back with the others at the pizza place in approximately-” Punz checked the time. “-forty-two minutes, so we better speedrun this.”

“Any ideas?”

No one said anything.

“Seriously? Not one?”

“We could just run,” Karl suggested, laughing.

“Literally speedrun getting away from them,” Dream said, pointing at Karl like he’d just won the Nobel Prize. “You’re a genius. Great idea.” He clapped his hands. “I hope everyone has enough athletic ability to live running for a couple minutes.”

“I was *joking*,” Karl said, eyes widening. “It was a *joke*.”

“Well, I’m not!” Dream said, running in place while everyone else just looked at him like he’d grown a third eye. “Get ready! We’re gonna blast through these New York Streets and lose those people.”

“I said I was JOKING!” Karl yelled, scrambling to properly pocket all the random things he was holding.

“And I said I wasn’t!” Dream said, jogging off. “Don’t fall behind if you don’t wanna get lost!”

“For the last time!” Karl hollered, running after Dream. “I WAS JOKING!”

“Just run!” George yelled. “And next time, don’t suggest actually doable solutions to Dream, because he *will* do them!”

“Lesson learned, thanks!”

“Why the fuck are you guys panting so hard?” Phil asked when they stumbled into the pizza place. “Did you guys go run a marathon or something?”

“We were getting followed,” Sam offered, breathing deeply. “So Karl jokingly suggested that we run to lose them, and Dream being the crazy person he is, decided that was a good idea and just started *sprinting*.”

“How else were we supposed to lose them?!”

Sam held up a finger at him, as if to say, ‘*No, absolutely not, shut up. Not now. I will not tolerate this bullshit,*’ only to pause and put it back down, unable to find a good counter argument. Dream grinned triumphantly.

Phil sighed. “Just sit down, mates. Everyone else should be here shortly.”

Sam took in a large sip of water.

“SAM!”

Sam choked, sputtering as Tommy aggressively patted his back. “How’d it go?”

“Great,” Sam wheezed out. “Tommy- please-”

“HOLY SHIT! YOU GUYS REALLY *ARE* FROM THE DREAM SMP!”

Horried, they all turned to stare at the door.

There stood the group of teenagers they’d spent a good five minutes sprinting around trying to lose, looking triumphant.

“I *knew* they were fans!”

Everyone else groaned.

Chapter End Notes

<https://discord.gg/pActtMF8>

this is thanksgiving! that is mahogany!

Chapter Notes

rea: welcome back children its been a hot minute. anyways. yeah. have a good day and join the discord! <https://discord.gg/qdaZTEBr4N>

lukas: im sure the people in the discord (which you should join btw we're gonna have an smp up and running soon 🤝) already know this but uh yeah. name change pog i go by lukas now.

jem:hi we didn't die LOL. sorry for the random hiatus. this chapter's kinda crappy and didn't include everything we wanted but the real good stuff is gonna start very soon I promise. enjoy and thanks for anyone who stuck around during the 8 weeks of no updates! (also it's rea's birthday today do wish her a happy birthday!! :D we love rea in this household) (and join the discord pst pst its pretty pog)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“I spy with my little eye.... something that starts with an S!”

Sapnap blinked at Bad momentarily before whipping around to stare at Dream and George.

“Is it sexual tension? Because I’m getting a whole load of it right now from those two.”

“Wha-” George sputtered, turning in his seat so fast Sapnap was surprised his neck didn’t break. “Excuse me?!”

“I’m just saying!”

“You- Oh, fucking hell, get *back here!* Sapnap, *I am going to murder you!*”

Bad just let out an exhausted sigh.

November approached quickly.

And with November came a new flurry of craze.

They’d planned a large party for Saturday, (courtesy of Bad,) in honor of George and Niki’s birthdays.

But that didn’t stop Dream from bombarding George on his birthday stream on the first.

“Fourtwen- uh- fourtwentyblazeit, thank you for the ten gifted subs! Lizzy- crap, I can’t keep up with you guys. You guys are breaking my notifications. Thank you guys so much for the birthday wishes! Um, thank you Alice for the five gifted - I think we’ll get started. So, today...”

Not ten minutes in, a rather generous dono popped up on screen.

“Dream, thank you for- DREAM.”

Chat exploded.

Dream donated \$500

*happy birthday, george! i've made a scavenger hunt for you. your first clue is: literally not a clue.
just check discord to get started*

George went back to his full facecam screen. “I guess we’re doing a scavenger hunt now,” He said, rolling his eyes lightly and clicking away. “It’s a minecraft IP,” He offered when chat began spamming, asking what it was.

He shrank again, returning to his rightful place on the corner of the screen as minecraft loaded in in the background.

“It’s an empty seed,” George announced, running around the spawn in search of something out of the ordinary. “Oh, Dream’s here,” He said when he checked who was on the server. “Dream, what’s next?”

Dream donated \$100

getting an upgrade

“If you’re just going to walk me through the entire game, Dream, I’m going to block you,” George threatened, getting to work as he jokingly reprimanded Dream for donating so much money.

He ignored the ghostly wheeze that his brain supplied.

“Okay, Dream, what now?” George asked, waving his stone tools at the screen.

Dream donated \$500

rainbow collection

“Is that even an achievement?” George questioned, pulling up a separate page and googling it. “Oh, it is.” George sighed, reading the description for the achievement. “Dream, you know I’m colorblind. Why would you make me collect all the different types of wool?”

He set off anyway, yelling when a creeper appeared out of nowhere when he turned around.

At one point during his quest, Sapnap and Karl joined him, wishing him a happy birthday accompanied by yawns, a telltale sign that they’d just woken up. No one seemed to question the fact that they’d joined at the same time, and George didn’t say anything about the fact that only one account had joined his call on discord.

Imagine if Twitter found out, George thought to himself. Everyone would have a field day.

foodforthought donated \$10

happy birthday george! do you have any special plans for your birthday?

“Foodforthought, thank you for the ten!” He picked up another flower. “Um, I don’t really have anything planned besides eating dinner with my mom,” George lied, catching himself before he

said “some friends.”

“You should come over then,” Sapnap teased, voice slightly muffled. “I’m sure Dream will be glad to cook you something.”

“Sure,” George agreed easily, shearing another sheep as he ran through the plains biome. “If you buy me a plane ride over I’ll swing by for some dinner.”

“Wait, wait, you have to come visit me too,” Karl butted in, tone sassy. “You can’t just visit Sapnap and Dream and then leave me out the loop.”

“You’re paying for everything needed to get to your house then,” George countered.

“Okay.”

“Okay?”

“Yeah! I’ll pay for everything you need. I’ll get you first class and everything too.”

“Ooh, sounds classy,” George replied easily. “Sapnap, how are you going to compete with that? Maybe I’ll skip you and Dream and go straight to Karl’s place.”

“Oh, shut up,” Sapnap retorted. “You wouldn’t miss out on the opportunity of hanging out with Dream *ever*. Remember that one time someone asked if you could have one thing in the entire world what it would be and you responded with ‘ a plane ticket to Dream’s house and a permanent room in his house?’”

“No,” George lied, holding back nervous laughs.

“Sureee,” Sapnap replied.

George rolled his eyes. He crafted the last piece of colored wool needed, the achievement popping up in game, indicating that he’d completed it.

Dream donated \$300

diamonds :)

“Okay, diamonds it is,” George said as half of the chat exploded into cries of *NOO*’s and variations of indicated crying. “Why is chat crying? What happened? Did I do something?”

THATS RIGHT CRY THATS MY BRAND, Ranboo spammed in his chat, accompanied by the *KEKW* emote.

“Oh,” George said out loud as Ranboo continued laughing in his chat. *Guess that answers that question.*

It didn’t take him long to take diamonds, but it took long enough that Quackity managed to sneak into the call (see also; joining Sapnap and Karl behind the same microphone) at one point and come up with several bits of diss tracks for multiple people.

“Okay,” George announced, eying the stream time (2:14:39) while running around the caves in search of a way out. “I’ve got the diamond, Dream.”

Dream donated \$300

go back to spawn. don't die or you won't get your final surprise!!

“What- I’m so far away though! Dream, can’t you just tp me?”

No, was the response George got in the ingame chat.

Sighing, George set off on the long journey back to spawn, annoyed that he couldn’t just kill himself to spawn back there. Sapnap and Quackity teased and bantered with him the entire way there, Karl occasionally pitching in with “Oooh’s” or hummed agreement.

When the spawn chunks came within view, George had been expecting Dream to be standing there with some sign or something stupid, or maybe something of a trap. Or perhaps some grand build.

Instead, there was nothing.

It looked exactly like how he’d left it two hours ago.

“What now?”

Dream donated \$200

congratulations! you completed the scavenger hunt. now come back onto the smp

George did as instructed.

Dream greeted him, joining the vc and happily chirping, “Happy birthday, George!”

“Hi, Dream,” George answered, rolling his eyes but smiling. “So, what’s my final surprise?”

“Follow me!”

Dream led him to the outskirts of the smp, stopping at a build that George had never seen before. A nicely decorated home build

It was rather simple, but had a very homey feel to it. It also sprouted a hobbit hole vibe, not too different from George’s original hobbit hole build.

Dream donated \$5000

happy birthday george!!! i made you a house :) enjoy

“*Dream!* What the hell, did you just-”

“Yeah!” Dream’s laugh echoed through the call. “Happy birthday again, George.”

“I-” George paused, sputtering. “Thanks, Dream.”

“Anytime, George.”

@someonesaveus

HELLO EVERYONE THIS IS A PSA TO THE FANDOM: DREAM DONATED A TOTAL OF \$6900 TO GEORGE THANK YOU AND GOODNIGHT.

@ourbraincellisdeadLOL

good afternoon twitter dot com is it just me or did george hesitate here

[clip: Foodforthought just donated asking if George has any birthday plans. George is responding. "Foodforthought, thank you for the ten! Um, I don't really have anything planned besides eating dinner with- my mom."]

→ @randomvibes <replying to @ourbraincellisdeadLOL>

NO BC YOU'RE SO RIGHT???????

→ @goodlamsir <replaying to @ourbraincellisdeadLOL>

HOLD UP I DIDNT NOTICE THIS BEFORE I-

WHY DID HE HESITATE----

@APclassiskillingme

everytime dream donated on george's birthday stream and his reactions, a thread (11-1-20XX)
{see more replies}

@olheebuh

no bc their friendship makes me so soft look at them

[image 1: a picture of George smiling in response to one of Dream's many donations]

[image 2: George making an exasperated expression. Quackity had been dissing George.]

[image 3: George laughing. Sapnap and Karl had been bantering and Sapnap had just made a really good retort.]

"Somebody get the door!"

"Someone's at the door?"

"Yes, someone's at the door! Who was in charge of guests?"

"Bad, Ranboo, Eret, Punz, and a few others I can't remember off the top of my head!"

"Where the hell are they?!"

"Calm down, I'll go find one of them."

"Nope, Purpled, you're staying right here until all this food is sorted through. TOMMY!"

"I'M BUSY! 'M SORTING THROUGH THE DECORATIONS WITH TUBBO!"

"Ah, crap. WILBUR!"

"PREOCCUPIED!"

"QUACKITY!"

No response.

“Why hasn’t anyone gotten the door yet?!”

“Because everyone’s busy and the people on guest duty are nowhere to be found!”

“How-”

“Shit, sorry!” Eret interrupted, rushing past. “Sorry, I had to go to the bathroom, I’ll get it taken care of right away!”

Everyone relaxed a tiny bit.

“Hello everyone! It’s so nice to meet you all!”

Several people shrieked. A few jumped in the air. Others stared.

“Hello, Foolish,” Phil sighed, tone impossibly tired. “You’ve made a grave mistake.”

“Oh,” Foolish said. “Should I not have accepted the Thanksgiving dinner invitation? I mean, I can always just go-”

“FOOLISH!” Tubbo said, running past and dragging Foolish along with him. “We need help, thank *god* you’re here!”

“Tubbo, let him settle in first-” Eret yelped, taking after him. “Tubbo!”

Dream stumbled down the stairs. “Was that my family?”

“No, just Foolish,” Vurb replied.

“Oh.” Dream brushed himself off. “They should be here soon, though.”

“It’s just your mom and your sister, right?”

“Yeah. Everyone else couldn’t get time off to come visit.”

Vurb hummed. “Who else are we expecting again?”

“Well besides Foolish, we have Hannah, Charlie, several siblings, a few parents and other family members,” Dream ticked off on his fingers, a thoughtful look on his face. “We might have some other random people crash in at one point too, so be prepared.”

“Maybe-”

“DREAM!”

A blonde blur barrelled straight into him, successfully interrupting Vurb’s sentence and knocking the air out of Dream. Dream wheezed, tumbling down with the blur.

“Hey there,” He laughed, glued to the floor. “When’d you get here?”

“Like an hour ago,” a feminine voice replied. “One of your friends kept telling me that you were sleeping and that I shouldn’t wake you up, so I’ve been getting to know some people around here to kill time.”

Dream chuckled. “Which one?”

“The british one.”

“Half of this household is british.”

“The cute one,” The girl replied, lips quirking.

“George?”

“HA! So you *do* think he’s cute! MOM, YOU OWE ME TEN DOLLARS!”

“Get off your brother so I can get my long awaited hug and then I’ll give you the money,” A gentle voice scolded lightheartedly.

Dream groaned as the girl happily jumped off.

“Everyone,” He said, noticing the group of people who’d gathered around him. “Um. If you haven’t already, this is my mom, and this,” Dream pinched the shorter girl’s cheeks. “is my younger sister Drista. Mom, Drista, these are my chaotic housemates who insist on finding and exploiting every possible loophole that exists under this roof. Sorry in advance if something blows up while you’re here.”

“Oh, not at all! Nothing new from what you and your siblings used to do, I’m sure.”

“Mom,” Dream said seriously as he leaned in to hug her. “What we used to do is literally nothing compared to what some people here can get up to. I am going to repeat myself; if something blows up while you’re here, I am very, *very* sorry about it.”

Dream’s mom had the decency to look a bit more alarmed. “Well, if you say so. Everyone here seems like absolutely amazing people though.”

“Them and their damn politeness towards new people,” Dream muttered. Drista laughed.

“Do you really think I’m cute?” George teased from behind. Dream jolted, going red and glaring at Drista, who was laughing hysterically behind George, a ten dollar bill clutched in her left hand.

“Of course I do,” Dream shot back, a flirty tone immediately taking over. “Who *doesn’t* think you’re cute?”

“Me,” Quackity said, running past with an armful of duct tape.

“Shut up, nobody asked,” Dream retaliated. “And what’s all that duct tape for?!”

“I can feel the tension between you and George all the way from here,” Sapnap unhelpfully yelled from across the room. “Can you guys tone it down a bit? We’ve got guests, y’know!”

“Shut up, Sapnap,” George shot back before Dream could even open his mouth.

“Fuck you.”

“No thanks, try again later.”

“Oh, you little-”

“Girls, girls,” Drista interrupted. “You’re both pretty. Can we go eat now?”

“DRISTA!” Tommy yelled, running up and yet again stopping Dream before he could even begin with telling Drista that the food wasn’t even ready yet. “Nice to finally meet you! How’ve you been? Did you ever manage to stab Dream with the fork? How was your trip over? What do you

think of this house? Do you want to record a video together? Holy shit, do you want to sleep in the minors room with Tubbo, Ranboo, Purpled and I? We could plan pranks too. And annoy the fuck out of everyone!”

“I don’t think I’ve ever heard you say so much in one breath,” Dream commented offhandedly as Drista pumped her fists and screeched, “YEAH!”

“I think,” Sam said mildly, a hint of exhaustion in his voice, “That our Thanksgiving just became the equivalent of Infinity War.”

Dream paused, considering his words.

“Well, shit.”

“Okay,” Drista said, slamming her hand down on the table commandingly. “Let’s get down to business.”

Ranboo eyed the coffee table with a mild look of concern. Tommy cheered.

Tubbo and Purpled just looked confused.

“Actually, hold up. Where’s Lani?”

“She said she was getting snacks,” Tubbo answered. Drista nodded, sitting down next to Purpled and crossing her arms.

“What are we doing again?” Ranboo asked.

“Business,” Drista provided unhelpfully.

Purpled blinked. “Has anyone ever told you that you radiate a ridiculous amount of alpha male energy?”

“Nope, but thanks!”

“And a lot of chaotic energy,” Ranboo added.

Purpled and Tubbo nodded in agreement.

The room door opened and Lani stumbled in, arms full of snacks.

“Oooh, gummy worms,” Ranboo said, immediately snatching up the bag of sour gummy worms and ripping it open earnestly.

“What’s it with you and gummy worms?” Tubbo asked, reaching for a pringles can.

Ranboo frowned. “What’s it with you and staying up till five in the morning?”

“As if you aren’t awake with me.”

“Okay, fair.”

“Sorry that took so long,” Lani apologized, dumping the rest onto the table and barely saving a 6-pack of soda from falling off the edge. “We can start now.”

“Alright!” Drista declared, eagerly standing back up again, blonde hair bouncing. “Now that we’re all here, we can start. First things first; our plans of terrorization.”

Ranboo blinked. “Our... what?”

“Plans of terrorization,” Drista repeated.

“Yeah, no, sorry, rewind a little bit. Since when did we have plans of terrorization?”

“Well, *I’ve* had one drafted since I found out I could make it here for Thanksgiving. And no,” Drista added when Ranboo opened his mouth with a mild look of concern on his face. “You don’t get a choice. Minors versus old people. You’re going to be a part of this whether you like it or not.”

Ranboo closed his mouth. Tommy snickered.

“So what are the plans?” Tubbo asked.

“Well, actually,” Drista said. “There aren’t exactly any plans quite yet. I wanted to come up with ideas *with* you guys, so all I really did was come up with a few ideas and a main mission statement: Terrorize the adults here as much as possible.”

“I’ve said it before and I’ll say it again,” Purpled said. “Alpha male energy.”

Drista grinned widely. “One idea I came up with was dying our hair.”

“No,” Purpled and Ranboo answered in unison.

“What color?” Tommy asked.

“I can’t believe I’m sitting here doing this,” Tubbo voiced. Lani rolled her eyes.

“Come on, be more enthusiastic,” Lani said. “Think about it. We can use this rare opportunity to our advantage. We could get so much stuff off of them. You guys can get stuff on the SMP from Drista. We can annoy everyone. We can play around with small-scale ideas for prank wars.” She gave all the boys pointed looks. “You guys can get back at Dream for putting you guys in a room together with no say.”

“I mean, I don’t mind it,” Tommy said. “But I’m down to annoy Dream anytime.”

Another feral grin from Drista. “That’s the spirit!”

“Tell me,” Purpled said slowly, “Why are you so keen on inflicting more hell upon this house?”

“Agreed,” Ranboo nods. “It - uh, it’s a little terrifying, honestly.”

Drista considered this for a moment, before shrugging, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear. “I’m sure it isn’t much, compared to everything else that goes on under this roof that Tommy told me about.”

Purpled sent a questioning glance in Tommy’s direction, like he was trying to ask what he told her without *actually asking* what he told her.

“The usual,” he said dismissively. “You know, weekly calls from the local police station, the

occasional threats of our wifi being shut off, shit getting L'manburg-ed, and-

"Did you just refer to stuff getting blown up as it *getting L'manburg-ed*?" Ranboo said incredulously, noticeably withholding his laughter.

"Did you just replace the word *shit* with *stuff*?" Tommy shot back.

"I'm a polite boy, alright?"

"That doesn't-

"Wait, wait, let me get something clear," Tubbo interrupted. "You refuse to swear, but you regularly make sex jokes about your minecraft pets?"

"Hey," Ranboo started defensively, "Leave Nicholas and Drip Llama out of this, alright? They are a happy couple. Nicholas and Drip Llama supremacy; amen."

"Did you just *amen* your own statement?" Lani snickered.

"Yes, I did," Ranboo grins deviously. "Because I'm just *that correct*."

"No, remember that one time you-

"Tommy, do I *look* like someone who can remember things?"

"No, but there's no way you *don't* remember that one time you claimed it was definitely me who broke the living room window but it was actually-

"NOPE, nope, that's irrelevant, moving on."

"No, no, continue," Drista prompted. "I want to hear who it actually was."

"ANYWAYS," Purpled interrupted before Tommy and Ranboo could start brawling and smash all their food. "So we're going to dye our hair?"

"Yes," Drista declared, attention easily diverted. "It'll be amazing."

"Won't we need some help though?" Lani asked.

"Nah," Drista waved it off. "We'll just yolo it."

"Did you actually just say 'yolo it' outloud?" Tubbo questioned.

"Yes. Problem?"

"No ma'am."

"Excellent. Where's the nearest drugstore here?"

"Like, half an hour away by car?"

"Oh." Drista squinted at Ranboo. "Okay then. Who here can drive?"

Purpled immediately put his hand in the air. "I'm driving."

"Aww, why not me?" Tubbo asked. "I want to drive."

“Because I’ve been in the car while you were driving before and I have never feared for my life more than in that moment.”

“Oh, come on, I’m not *that* bad.”

“You nearly crashed five times and *did* crash twice during that half hour drive,” Purpled deadpanned.

“Okay, so, maybe I’m a little bad.”

“Little is an understatement,” Purpled muttered under his breath. Tommy snorted.

“Okay, whatever, Tubbo’s a bad driver, Purpled is good. Let’s get a move on, we don’t have time for chit-chat.” Drista clapped her hands, sassily walking out the room. “Come on!”

The other five followed her, laughing and debating which colors to dye their hair.

The store clerk greeted them with a kind smile, giving a wave to Purpled and nodding politely at the others. Purpled greeted her, asking how she’d been doing while everyone else slipped off to choose dye.

“Should I go with this shade of green or this shade?” Tubbo asked, holding up two different brands.

Drista hummed thoughtfully. “Okay, well, I’m going green too, so I’m going to choose a really bright green and you can go with a darker green. So... choose that one,” she said, pointing to the box in Tubbo’s left hand.

“Alrighty!”

“I can’t believe I agreed to dye my hair *red*,” Tommy muttered, eyeing a third box and comparing it to the two boxes already in his hands. Lani laughed.

“Okay,” Purpled said, throwing his hands up in the air. “No one told me choosing hair dye was difficult.”

“Tell me about it,” Ranboo muttered, squinting at the variety of black hair dyes offered. “What even is the difference between all these brands?”

“No idea.”

“Well, that one says it’s organic, and that one says it’s brighter-”

“They still look the same, Lani,” Tubbo said. “Just different shades of the same color.”

“Well,” Drista said. “I don’t know a single thing about this stuff either!”

Ranboo gave her a mildly worried look. “Are you saying there’s a chance that we get some bad brand and end up ruining our hair?”

“Yup!”

“Man, you weren’t kidding when you said we’d be yoloing this.”

“Of course I wasn’t! I don’t half ass things, y’know.”

“Understandable, have a nice day,” Tubbo muttered.

Everyone laughed.

They spent another good twenty minutes selecting dyes, then went around to get candy and groceries. When they finally finished, it'd been well over an hour and the sun was starting to set.

"So, we're going to dye our hair on Thanksgiving night, right?" Tommy asked, transferring another bag into the trunk of Purpled's car. Drista nodded.

"I vote we put Purpled up for sacrifice," Ranboo voiced. "Y'know. Dye his hair first."

Tubbo nodded in agreement.

"Wha- Why me? What did I ever do?"

"Nothing."

"Then-"

"Well, because no one else wants to be the sacrifice, Purpled," Ranboo said. "So you might as well do it."

Purpled gave him a bewildered look. "*I* don't want to be the sacrifice either!"

"Too bad. You're the sacrifice now."

"Hey- I drove you guys here! That's not fair; make Tommy the sacrifice or something!"

"Nope. And besides, you're the oldest of all of us." Ranboo grinned. "Come on, be a good big brother and go first."

"Surely it won't be as bad as you think it'll be," Tommy added.

Purpled groaned. "That's the *thing*. If you say that, I might as well have already permanently ruined my hair." He huffed. "Fine, whatever. I'll do it first."

Everyone cheered.

"Now get in the car so we can get back home and I can go stream!"

"Oooh.... yeah, um. It doesn't look very good."

"What do you *mean*, it doesn't look very good?" Purpled questioned, attempting (and failing) to twist around in the chair to look at himself in the mirror.

"Um. It's all uneven?" Ranboo said, stifling his laughter.

"Let me *see*," Purpled demanded, still moving around in his chair. Drista snickered, releasing her hold on his hair and letting Purpled properly look at his newly transformed hair.

And uneven it was. Some spots were darker than others, and it was clear that the dye had been applied unevenly and rather clumsily.

Drista burst out laughing. “You look like some grape that's been splashed with bleach!”

“You say that like you’ve seen something like that before,” Lani said.

“Who said I haven’t?”

They all stared at Drista. “You *have*?!”

“No, but it’d be fun to test out,” Drista said, grinning widely. Purpled turned back to his reflection, running his hands through his still half-wet hair.

“Well, at least the texture’s still soft,” Purpled sighed. “I still think we should get someone to help us though.”

“Agreed,” Tubbo and Lani chimed.

And magically, someone chose that moment to knock on the door.

“Sam!” Tommy greeted, smiling widely. “What is up, big man?”

“Nothing much, just here to tell you guys that lunch is ready,” Sam answered. He glanced past him, peeking into the bathroom where the rest of them were situated. “What are you guys up to?”

“Dying our hair,” Tommy deadpanned as Ranboo hesitantly said, “Cleaning the bathroom?”

“So you’re dying your hair and cleaning the bathroom?”

“No,” Drista said as Purpled responded, “Yes.”

Sam laughed. “You guys are giving me mixed signals! So what are you guys actually doing?”

“Dying our hair,” Tubbo and Lani sing-songed in unison.

“And we need help,” Tommy added. Purpled and Ranboo nodded fervently.

“Okay,” Sam laughed. “Do you want me to go get someone to help you? Maybe Niki, or-”

“No, no,” Tommy interrupted, stationing himself behind Sam and pushing him into the room. “We want *you* to help us.”

“We do?” Ranboo asked.

Tommy shot him a look.

“Oh, um, yes!” Ranboo said, not-so-smoothly correcting himself. “We do!”

“Nice save,” Drista snickered.

“Shut up.”

“Oh, no, I don’t know anything about dying hair-” Sam protested, which went ignored.

“Okay,” Tommy said, hands on his hips. “This is our current situation. We’re all dying our hair to cause confusion and chaos during dinner tonight, except Purpled, our sacrifice, had his hair turn out like...” Tommy waved his hand around Purpled’s head. “This.”

Sam stifled a laugh. “Well, it’s certainly a *look*.”

Purpled groaned. Drista giggled.

“Can you fix it?” Purpled asked, an edge of desperation in his voice.

“Um.” Sam blinked. “Well, see, the thing is, I know nothing about dying hair.”

“But you dyed your hair on your face reveal stream,” Tommy said, confused.

“Did you even see how that turned out?” Sam responded, stifling another laugh. “I didn’t even read the instructions; I had no idea what I was doing!”

“Oh.” Tommy seemed to think about it for a moment, before waving it off and hustling Sam to stand behind Purpled. “I think you still know more than we do though, so give it a shot.”

“Alright, I’ll help you, on one condition,” Sam finally said, letting in. “You let me go downstairs and grab you guys food and someone who actually knows how to dye hair.”

They all agreed with varying tones of relief. Purpled and Ranboo seemed the most relieved; Drista and Tommy didn’t seem to care too much.

When Sam returned with a large bowl of fried rice and Niki in tow, who was holding a stack of bowls and spoons, the six of them perked up, hungrily grabbing at the food as Niki laughed at the disaster that was Purpled’s hair. Purpled grumbled in response, muttering something about how *nobody even read the instructions I’m surrounded by crazy people.*

Niki ran her fingers through Purpled’s hair, inspecting it. “Well, I don’t think this will be a hard fix. Let’s have you run it through some warm water for a bit while we get started on someone else.” She looked at everyone else in the room before her eyes settled on Lani. “Why don’t you go first?”

Lani nodded, hopping up on the chair as Purpled went to go turn on the bathtub water.

Niki grinned, snapping on a pair of disposable gloves. “Let’s get this party started!”

Thanksgiving dinner was, to say the least, chaotic.

No, scratch that.

Try disastrous. Absolute mayhem. The worst kind of pandemonium out there.

Or, better yet, a war zone.

It had started normally, like most things did.

They’d gathered at the multiple tables, and as tired as some were, everyone was present.

And well behaved, surprisingly.

Though there were a few surprises. For example: all the minors showing up with hair dye jobs.

Phil had taken one look at the six of them, sighed, and instructed all of them to sit down. Some didn’t even bat an eye - others did a double take but said nothing. Some, like Puffy, had

complimented their new looks.

Sam and Niki just giggled quietly to themselves.

And everyone gathered and ate, engaging in peaceful conversation for a good twenty minutes before chaos began erupting.

“Ow!” Wilbur cried out. “Quackity just stabbed me!”

There was a mad scramble as several rushed to his aid, only to find that half his shirt was simply slathered in cranberry sauce.

Several people let out a sigh of relief.

“Oh, thank god, it’s not real.”

“If I must die,” Wilbur monologued dramatically, ignoring everyone. “I will encounter darkness as a bride, and hug it in mine arms.”

“Measure for Measure,” Fiveup nodded appreciatively, mixing around his rice and vegetables. “Good play, not enough airings of it. You’ve got taste.”

Wilbur gasped, dropping his act. “You know Measure for Measure?”

“I do,” Fiveup smiled.

“Dream, can we get Five a room in this house? Kick Fundy out or something?”

“Uhm?!”

“What the fuck, you’re just gonna kick out your own son without second thought?!” Fundy half-yelled before choking on his helping of turkey.

“This ain’t the Dream SMP, son!”

“Then why are you calling me son?!”

“Guys, please,” Purpled moaned, dragging a hand down his face. “I just want one dinner. One dinner that’s chaos free.”

“I’ve been here for three days and I don’t think that’s even a possibility around here,” Foolish said, happily munching on a slice of pie. “Say, could you please pass the mashed potatoes?”

Punz handed him the bowl as everyone else continued bickering.

“Hey, do you think I can fit fifteen marshmallows into my mouth?”

George stared at Tommy. “You’re a hazard to society.”

“And a coward,” Wilbur added, throwing a bag of unopened marshmallows at Tommy. “Do twenty.”

“Since when did we have marshmallows at thanksgiving dinner?” Puffy asked.

“Since now, apparently.”

“This is *thanksgiving!*” Bad cried, exasperated.

“That is mahogany!” Skeppy interrupted before Bad could say anything else.

“Cultured!” Vurb roared, laughing.

“And to think this invitation would have resulted in normalness,” Hannah laughed.

“Yeah,” Foolish hummed. “I think that was our first mistake.”

“You two are *absolutely* correct,” Phil groaned. “I would tell you to run while you can, except it’s probably too late now.”

“Understandable.”

“Wait, someone should vlog this for the future,” Ranboo said, pulling out his phone.

Tubbo pointed his phone camera at Ranboo’s face. “Already doing it. Ranboo, say something to future Ranboo and all our viewers.”

“Um, hello, future me! Are you still trying to maintain your sleep schedule or have you fully given up? How dramatic was Dream’s face reveal? What about mine? Oh, and for future dreamnotfound - have you gotten your crap together? Or maybe future skephalo? Or both. Both would be great, that means there’s gonna be way less sexual tension.”

Sapnap spat out his water, wheezing. Skeppy just gave Ranboo a scandalized look, slowly bringing his spoonful of mashed potatoes to his mouth.

“He’s not wrong,” Purpled said.

“All in favor of locking the two couples in a closet and not letting them out until they figure their shit out, say I,” Vurb said, raising his glass of water.

“I,” the room choured. Silence fell over the room, save for the clattering of silverware.

It took no longer than a minute for the giggling to break out.

“Well,” Ranboo said, returning his focus to Tubbo’s phone, which was still pointed at him. “Happy Thanksgiving!”

Chapter End Notes

psttt. this was crappily edited so if there were any significant mistakes pls don't mind them. thanks for reading <3

extra scenes chapter of some things we didn't get to include in chapter 7

Chapter Summary

“George,” Phil said slowly, taking the view of him and the four minors, standing tall with bags of goods from the mall and each armed with a Build-A-Bear bear. “You were supposed to *contain* their shopping urges, not *encourage* them.”

Chapter Notes

quick shoutout to [Andro](#) and [Eric](#)! if you want a shot at featuring in fic chapters like they did, you should totally join the [discord](#)!

jem: let's pretend this isn't like, a week later than I wanted to post it. BUT HAPPY PRIDE MONTH EVERYONE! enjoy this chapter of mini shenanigans :D

rea: happy gay month, love yall!! join the discord

“Did you see Dream and George practically feeding each other and being all lovey-dovey at dinner?”

A groan. “Did I? Of course I did - anyone who didn’t see it has to blind or somethi- NO, WHAT THE FUCK, WHY WOULD YOU DO THAT TO ME?!”

“Well, I am Dream’s sister. Gotta have those pro gaming skills.”

“Yet you somehow suck at minecraft,” Tommy pointed out from the bed, chewing on a gummy worm.

“No, that’s just me pretending to suck for the viewers. I bet I could kick your butt at bedwars anytime.”

“Not me, though,” Purpled chimed in, still desperately trying to win back his spot as first place.

“No, probably not,” Drista agreed.

“I feel like it’d be smart to go to bed,” Lani said, relaxing into Tubbo’s side.

“We’re not smart then,” Ranboo said, eyes laser focused on the TV screen.

“Lani, that was a horrible turn,” Tubbo said. “You should’ve turned later.”

“Thanks, Tubs, I didn’t notice,” Lani retaliated sarcastically, attention still on her character.

“Drista, is Dream as good at Mario Kart as you are?”

“No, are you kidding? He sucks.” She rolled her eyes. “He *wishes* he was as good as I am.”

“I can’t tell if you’re being sarcastic because of a sibling thing or if Dream actually sucks.”

“Yes.”

“So helpful, thanks.”

“Anytime!”

They continued playing Mario Kart, with Drista coming out on top more often than not. At one point, night bled into early morning, the hands of time ticking slowly, moving everyone forward minute by minute.

And eventually, when the clock read 5:38, everyone fell asleep.

Sam found the six of them the next morning all tangled up, limbs colliding and blankets thrown everywhere. The clock read 8:13 AM, sunlight peeking through the messily drawn curtains.

Sam smiled softly, snapping a few pictures before pulling the blankets over the sleeping teens, tucking them in and quietly leaving the room.

(The pictures were later printed and framed in cheesy “Our First Thanksgiving!” frames, and all six of the teens were sent both digital and physical copies of them. Contrary to popular belief, they all saved it and made it their background.)

“...Hey, George,” Tommy said, a suspicious tone coating his voice. “Are you busy?”

George cocked an eyebrow. “Not particularly. What’s up?”

“So, um, would you be down to come to the mall with us since Phil told us to bring a responsible adult with us?”

“...Who’s ‘us’?”

“Me, Tubbo, Ranboo, and Purpled.”

“Isn’t Purpled basically an adult though?”

“Something about how he’s not legally 18 yet and how he therefore doesn’t count.”

“Oh. Well, sure, I don’t mind!”

Tommy grinned. “Awesome! I’ll go let Phil know; meet us downstairs, yeah?”

“Will do!”

“George, can we get this?”

“I don’t see why not.”

“George, do you think Phil'll be mad at us if we bring home four build-a-bears?

“...Nah, go for it. Here, wait, I'm gonna make one too.”

“George, can we get Chipotle?”

“Is there one around here?”

“Yeah, on the way back home. So, can we?”

“Sure, sounds good!”

“George,” Phil said slowly, taking the view of him and the four minors, standing tall with bags of goods from the mall and each armed with a Build-A-Bear bear. “You were supposed to *contain* their shopping urges, not *encourage* them.”

George shrugged, sipping on his drink from Chipotle. “Tommy told me they just needed adult supervision. I was adult supervision. If I deemed it fine, it was fine. Isn't that how it works?”

Phil blinked at him.

“He's not wrong,” Dream said, arms crossed and eyebrows pinched together. “But really, George, you were just being one of them.”

George rolled his eyes. “Oh, come on, Dream, it was one time. Let it slide, it's not that big of a deal.”

“I mean...”

Phil gave Dream a pointed look. Dream laughed nervously, rubbing the back of his neck.

“Fine, I'll let it slide this once,” Phil sighed, adding under his breath, “You fucking simp.”

Tommy and Tubbo whooped in celebration. Purpled sighed, visibly relaxing.

Ranboo just continued slurping on his own drink from Chipotle, sunglasses perched on his nose.

“So, can we order pizza for dinner?”

Phil gave them a confused look, pointing at their drinks. “Didn't you guys get Chipotle though?”

“Yeah, but we're still hungry. We kinda ran out of hard cash so we couldn't buy a lot.”

Phil sighed again. “Sure, whatever. Dream, you pay.”

“Wha- Why me?! Hey, wait up!”

Andro stared at the newest order.

“Andro, what’s wrong? Is there a problem?”

“I-” Andro paused, swallowing. “I- well, not really? But, um- This person ordered twenty large pizzas.”

“*What.*”

“Yeah, do you wanna see?” Andro tilted the screen towards Eric. “Seven combos, four pepperoni, four cheese, a hawaiiin, two meat lovers pizza, and two custom pizzas. Oh, and ten sets of breadsticks.”

“...How the fuck are we supposed to get that all delivered?”

“I don’t know, but getting all of this to be warm when it’s delivered is gonna be hard.”

“We could split it,” Eric offered, shoving her hands into her pockets. “Deliver it in two runs and explain that it’s not in one go in order to preserve quality.”

“That’s a good idea,” Andro said, nodding. “Okay. Do you want to go first or should I?”

Eric shrugged, holding out her left hand. “Rock paper scissors, winner goes first?”

“Sure.” Andro stuck out their right hand. “Rock... paper... scissors... shoot!”

Andro held out an open hand. Eric was brandishing a fist.

“Ah, guess you’re going first,” Eric said, sticking her hand back in her pocket.

“Guess so,” Andro hummed, rocking back and forth on their heels. “Man, I wonder if they’ll tip us well?”

“Fingers crossed that we get rich tonight!” Eric laughed.

Andro smiled widely. “Fingers crossed!”

Andro drove up the rather sad-looking road, barren and almost lifeless on both sides. They were surprised that anyone even lived out here - how much land had they bought? The last time Andro had been here, a majority of the land had been for sale.

And really, how far out *were* these people? They’d been driving for a good ten minutes. At this rate, the pizza would be ice cold before the house came into view.

Andro took that back immediately. A huge mansion was peeking out from the right, somehow both menacing and welcoming at the same time. And it only grew bigger the closer they got - holy shit, how *big* was this place?

They made their way up the (rather long) driveway, stopping just short of a parked car. Andro got out, taking a minute to balance the ten boxes of pizza before walking up the walkway to the front door.

And, *wow*, even the door was huge. It had to tower at least two feet over Andro, who was not a “short” person, thank you very much.

They rang the doorbell. Someone answered it five seconds later.

They were extremely tall, Andro noticed. Tall enough that they could easily hit their head on the doorframe if they stood on their tip-toed. And their hair was extremely fluffy looking.

“Oh!” The person said, eyes widening in surprise. “We ordered pizza?”

A british accent.

“Yeah, Dream’s paying,” Someone from inside the house called.

“Sweet! Hello there! Thank you for the pizza, the man paying for this will be down shortly if you don’t mind waiting a bit?”

“Oh, that’s no problem at all,” Andro answered, albeit a bit taken back. “Please enjoy the pizza!”

As Andro waited for the payer to arrive, more and more people flooded downstairs, chattering growing.

“Can we do a movie night in the theatre?”

“Ask Phil!”

“Why’re you asking me?! You guys are literally adults, do as you want!”

“Thanks, Dadza!”

“Don’t spill any fucking soda on the seats or you’ll be on cleaning duty for a week!”

“Yes, Philza Minecraft! The seats will remain spotless!”

“I’ll believe it when I see it!”

“Hey, where’s the fucking hawaiiin?”

“I still can’t believe you like fucking pineapples on pizza. You absolute *disgrace*.”

“It’s good, I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Who the hell drank the last bottle of fanta?!”

“Not me!”

“Well, I know *that*, all you ever drink is fucking coke and water!”

“Guys, who’s the person standing in the foyer?”

“Shit, the delivery person’s still there? Why hasn’t Dream paid them yet?”

“Probably sucking face with GeorgeNotFound or something.”

“It’s true but you shouldn’t say it.”

Sudden silence. Andro briefly wondered if god had made him go deaf before a loud chorus of laughter rang out.

“Who’s sucking face with me?” Said the person currently walking right past Andro, and, wow, the

one word that Andro could think of was *pretty*.

“Dream,” came the deadpan response to the question, and the person who’d just entered the foyer area behind the “GeorgeNotFound” person sputtered and nearly tripped before yelling back, “I am *not* sucking face with George!”

Andro smiled awkwardly. *This is fine.*

“Hello, sorry,” The person said, approaching Andro, cheeks still tinted pink. Andro assumed this was Dream. “I wasn’t expecting the pizza to get here for at least another ten minutes. How much is it?”

“Well, we’re delivering it in two separate runs so the pizza will be warm when it’s delivered,” Andro explained. “Would you like to pay it all in one go or pay for this batch and then pay again when the next batch arrives?”

“Oh, I’ll do it all in one go,” Dream said, pulling out his wallet and then a wad of cash. “Here, this should be about a thousand dollars or so. That’s enough, right?”

Andro gaped at the cash. Opened his mouth. Closed it. Opened it again.

“That- that’s too much, um... sir?”

Dream shrugged, gently pushing the money into Andro’s hands. “Take anything leftover as a tip. Y’know, keep the change.”

“I- I can’t do that-”

“Sure you can. If you really don’t want it, donate it to charity. Give it to someone in need. Hell, split it with your coworkers, I don’t care. Just take the money.”

Well. This was certainly one way to pay off college tuition.

“I- well, if you’re sure...?”

Dream offered Andro a wide grin, leaning forward a bit to open the door. “I hope it helps in some way, shape, or form. Have a great rest of your day!”

“You too!” Andro offered back, though a bit robotically. The hundred dollar bills sat heavily in their hands, still sending shockwaves up and down his arms.

“So? How’d it go?”

“You’ll see. You’ll see.”

Eric returned to the shop with her mouth gaping open and hands full of cash.

“If someone had told me that I’d end up getting nearly a thousand dollars, cash, as a tip for a part-

time pizza delivery job I had one year ago I would've thought they were crazy.”

Andro laughed.

The “DAYS WITHOUT INCIDENT” sign was a very well known feature in the house. It hung in their foyer, large and unforgiving, forcefully reminding everyone who passed by it of the house’s infinitely unstoppable chaos.

“Have you ever wondered what point that sign serves if it’s always at zero?”

“Well, I suppose it’s to tell us to celebrate if the number ever changes.”

“A good point.”

“And also to remind us of our immaturity.”

“Also a good point.”

“When was this put up again?”

“Second week after everyone moved in.”

“Understandable.”

“Who do you think causes it to stay at zero the most?”

“You.”

“Heyyy, not cool! I’m not *that* chaotic.”

“...You definitely are.”

“Okay, but what about Tommy?”

“Yeah, okay, good point.”

The sign continued to sit, impassive and no change in sight.

It would remain that way for a very, *very* long time.

“Guys, shut the fuck up, the police are outside because someone filed a noise complaint!”

“...Literally no one lives within ten miles of here, Quackity.”

“*Exaclty*, now shut the fuck up!”

“Oh, fuck *off!*”

dnf flirts and everyone else thirdwheels - what else is new?

Chapter Summary

Dream giggled. "No, no... Here, let me get it for you."

He reached out, softly rubbing George's right cheek with his thumb.

"There," He mumbled, exhaling softly and leaning in slightly. George felt his breath catch.

"Oh," He managed to say, glancing up to meet Dream's gaze.

"Um," Dream managed, cheeks going firetruck red. "Um."

And George, being the impulsive dumbass he was, leaned in and kissed him.

Chapter Notes

Jem here. this might be a bit long (SORRY) but DO PLEASE READ BOTH THE START AND END NOTES

Okay, so to start off - IMPORTANT NOTE. We'll be taking a hiatus until like November-December since school is starting up for the three of us and I don't know about rea and wil but I can already tell I'm gonna be crying by next week so. We're gonna ease into the school year and then slowly make our way back to this. You might get some mini 1-2k updates inbetween but really just. don't expect anything for the next few months.

Now. THANK YOU ALL FOR THE SUPPORT FOR THE PAST WHAT. 8 MONTHS? I never thought this idea and piece of work would get as far as it has and guys, seriously, thank you so much. as cringy as this can get during some scenes, i'm really proud of this. also, leave a comment! short, long, a whole ass analysis on the chapter, or just an emoji. I will literally read all of it. comments make my day guys, they really do. I might not respond but i swear i read everything. sometimes when im sad ill go through and read comments on this fic because they make me smile :D but yes thank you guys again I'm so glad you all have enjoyed this so far.

Anyways. I feel kinda bad because this chapter was meant to be at least like 3k words longer but um. yes writers block is a bitch and frankly school is so much more exhausting than I thought it'd be so. yes. I hope this is at least satisfactory 🥹 (also i can't write romantic scenes for shit so don't mind said scene's awkwardness.)

Quickly - a thank you to [Iroh](#) for helping me with the beautiful line of "We're homies with no socks now." (as in they quite literally just handed me that line when I was stuck)

and that's it for me I think! Please enjoy this last thing before disappear for months. Stay safe and hydrated!!

rea: whats up besties. join the [discord](#) we have a mc server and we're very pog. idk what else to say so. merry christmas. GOOD LUCK IN SCHOOL KIDS :D

edited note from rea: idk if jem mentioned this, but, some members aren't in the fic anymore because of boundaries of some of the ccs that we just found out about (ex. purpled). we'll be making an updated list of everyone in the fic at some point and it'll go in the discord somewhere!

and wil is currently MIA so. that's all :D

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“So,” Dream said, rubbing his hands together. “I’ve thought about this for a bit, and I’ve decided that we should start dropping hints about all of us living together.”

Tommy raised an eyebrow. “How?”

“Y’know, like, “accidentally” walking into someone else’s room while they’re streaming but staying just out of frame,” Dream explained, making air quotes with the word accidentally. “Just basically making it super suspicious but confirming nothing, that sort of thing.”

A chorus of *ohhh*’s rang out around the room.

“So are we planning a certain way of officially revealing that we all live in the same house?”

“Haven’t thought that far ahead yet, so no,” Dream said. “But I want to pain the fans. Make them suffer. Drive them nuts with all the speculation. We can do that, right?”

Everyone grinned deviously.

“Oh-” Quackity aggressively set down his headphones before leaving the frame, cursing under his breath as he went.

He returned five minutes later, looking very satisfied with himself. The chat questioned where he’d gone, but Quackity offered no explanation, putting his headphones back on and going back to talking like he hadn’t just gotten up to do who knows what.

“It’s nothing, chat, don’t worry about it,” Quackity brushed off, an evil twinkle of sorts sparkling in his eyes.

Meanwhile, those on George’s stream watched as somebody’s arms came in frame to shake him aggressively (“Ow, what the hell?!”) before leaving just as quickly as they’d arrived.

And shenanigans like this continued on for days. Sometimes Tommy paused in the middle of an among us game and momentarily left before coming back. Wilbur would have something thrown at him with no indication of who it was other than a disoriented “Fuck you!” aimed at him, which

Wilbur replied to with a middle finger. Sometimes unknown people walked in on random streams while the streamer rushed them out of the room while ignoring all the pressing messages asking who it was.

Eventually, it got to the point that you couldn't log on twitter without seeing something regarding the whole streamer situation.

@ihaveaheadache

please tell me I havent been the only one to notice all the sus ass things happening on the dsmp streamers' streams lately

→ @saveme <replying to @ihaveaheadache>

you're not alone dw they have been all acting sus af

@happygaymonth

I AM A MEETUP TRUTHER

→ @hahaLdance <replying to @happygaymonth>

but,,,,, which meetup

→ @happygaymonth <replying to @hahaLdance>

yes

→ @hahaLdance <replying to @happygaymonth>

understandable have a nice day

→ @cottoncandyskies <replying to @happygaymonth>

[image: happygaymonth's profile picture with large red clown nose and a rainbow clown wig.]

→ @happygaymonth <replying to @cottoncandyskies>

OH FUCK OFFFFFFFFF

@summerissoHOT

hello everyone this is a thread on why the dtkq meetup is REAL. rt to spread (all you unbelievers need to be educated /j)

{see more replies}

@intodaysepisodeofchaos

everytime a dream smp streamer does something lowkey sus; an ongoing thread

{see more replies}

“They’re catching on.”

“Excellent. Move onto phase 2.”

“...What’s phase 2?”

“There is no phase 2. I just thought it’d sound cool.”

“...Oh.”

“Okay,” Phil sighed, the broken vase laid out before him. Sam stood behind him, pinching his nose but smiling a little behind his hand. “Who’s gonna explain?”

“Tommy did it,” Wilbur voiced.

Techno nodded. “Tommy did it.”

“Tommy did it,” Tubbo added, more giggly than anything.

“Tommy did it,” Tommy said with complete innocence in his voice. He paused.

Everyone held back a laugh.

Tommy groaned. “Fuck.”

“I’m bored,” George announced, draped over the couch, head in Sapnap’s lap.

“Well, I’m not,” Sapnap said, focused on the TV screen and the football game taking place.

George poked his stomach, to which Sapnap glared at him. “This isn’t even a live game, why are you so tense?”

“Well, I haven’t seen this yet, so it might as well as be a live game, since I have no idea what’s going to happen.”

George sighed loudly. On the other end of the couch, Karl held a bowl of popcorn, snuggled comfortably into Sapnap’s side.

“Where is everyone, anyway?”

Karl chewed on a piece of popcorn. “Well, Dream is doing lore with - well, I don’t know, actually. Ranboo for sure though, given that Tommy came in here twenty minutes ago complaining about how his own bedroom door was locked from the inside with a note that read *‘lore in progress’* pinned to it, and then proceeded to curse out Ranboo’s entire existence. Um, Bad and Skeppy went out for groceries, Ant and Puffy are outside doing something - I’m assuming they’re shoveling the driveway or something - and the rest are either sleeping or doing their own thing.”

“NO- oh, thank god- NO, WAIT, WHY WOULD YOU- AUGH, COME ON!”

“We should have a game night,” Karl hummed. “We haven’t had one in ages.”

“Ooo,” George said, flipping to his stomach abruptly and making Sapnap grunt at the sudden change in position. “That sounds fun.”

“Jackbox night?” Sapnap asked distractedly, eyes still trained on the TV screen.

Karl grinned. "Yes! And we can go through the game box and see what games we can play."

"I would like to volunteer twister as one of those games," George said with a sly smirk. "We haven't played that on game night yet."

"Sure! Oh, and we should definitely have chess, since so many people are good at that. Chess tournament!"

"Okay, that was a lame game," Sapnap announced, turning the TV off and stealing the last bits of popcorn out of Karl's bowl. "What are we talking about? Something about game night?"

"Yeah," Karl nodded. "So far we're planning on jackbox, twister, and chess."

"Add a card game into the mix," Sapnap suggested. "Those are always really fun to play."

"Apples to Apples?" George suggested automatically.

"What about apples?" Dream's voice chimed in from behind them. George immediately squished over, making space for Dream on the couch and beckoning at him to sit down. Dream obliged, flopping down next to George before repeating his question.

"We're discussing game night plans," George supplied as he snuggled into Dream's side. "I was suggesting Apples to Apples."

"Ah."

Sapnap eyed the two of them. "I feel like we should play truth or dare."

"We already do that like once a week though."

"Okay, spin the bottle then."

"No."

"Okay, how about 7 minutes in heaven?"

"No. What are you, a horny high school kid?"

Sapnap groaned and half-heartedly hit Dream's arm. Karl laughed.

"We can just stick to the three games we have now and go from there,"

"Ooh, are we talking game night?" Sam called from where he was walking in. "Should I make dinner so that we can have it while playing? Or should I order something?"

"Maybe make your own dinner kinda thing?"

Sam hummed. "Pizza? Burgers? Tacos? Sandwiches? Something else?"

"Ooh, do burgers and hotdogs," George said. He turned to Dream. "Dream, you know that killer salad you make? Can you make that too?"

"No," Dream refused, though it seemed to be more out of habit than a genuine answer. "I am not making you more salad. You get salads like six times a week from me already, I'm not making it seven."

George sighed loudly and batted his eyes at Dream. "Please, Dreamie?"

Dream frowned at George, but there was only amusement residing in the slight twitch of his lips. "No, Georgie."

"MOM, DAD, DREAM AND GEORGE ARE FLIRTING AGAINNNNN," Sarnap yelled out of nowhere, causing Karl to jump in surprise and Dream and George to both turn and glare at him. Sam poked his head out from the kitchen, hands clearly preoccupied. "No flirting before dinner, you two, you know the rules!" He said cheerily before going back to whatever he was doing.

The living room went dead silent.

Sarnap, not unexpectedly, was the first to break. He broke out into hysterical laughter, almost falling off the couch during the process.

Dream just blinked stupidly in the direction of the kitchen. "Did- did Sam just play along with that and make a DNF joke?"

"I think he did," George answered, looking just as mistified.

Philza chose that moment to enter the room.

He took one look at them, sighed, and said, "If something happens to you guys in the next seven days I'm not defending you guys."

"You mean you won't bail us out of jail?"

Philza sighed even deeper. "No. And stop getting put in jail in the first place. Honestly, how do you guys keep getting pulled in for things? Surely you guys would've learned by now."

They all shrugged.

"So...." George announced. "Salad?"

"Okay, fine," Dream said, throwing his hands up in the air in defeat before standing up. "What kind?"

"Surprise me."

Dream rolled his eyes before making his way into the kitchen.

"Wow," Sarnap drawled. "What a simp."

"Fuck you, Sarnap, I can still hear you!"

Sarnap and Karl roared with laughter. George looked smug.

"And George, if you want a salad, get your ass in here and do something useful! The vegetables won't wash themselves, you know!"

Bad, (who'd just entered,) stared at the scene before him before turning on his heel and walking straight out.

Sarnap and Karl only laughed harder.

“George, what the *fuck*, do you even have a spine?”

“Yes, I do.”

“You’re lying, surely. Seriously, how are you *doing* that?”

“I think my bones are aching just from looking.”

“This is some Britain's Got Talent shit right here,” Wilbur noted.

Many made noises of agreement. Some continued to be very vocal about George’s current position.

Most were just making a weird face. A mix between fascination and horror, if you will.

George giggled. To be fair, he *was* bent in a rather odd fashion, twisted around and definitely not normal looking. A pretzel.

“I can’t believe I never knew you were this flexible,” Dream commented offhandedly, blinking at George like he was trying to figure out how he could bend in half himself. “We tell each other everything. How come this has never come up in conversation before?”

“No idea,” George said.

“Um, right hand on red,” Vurb called out. Everyone shifted appropriately.

“Okay,” Bad announced, awkwardly trying not to fall onto his back with Skeppy looming over him. “Are you doing this on purpose?”

“I stopped spinning like fifteen rounds ago,” Vurb shrugged, smirking. “I’m honestly surprised you didn’t notice sooner.”

“Wait, you *did*?” Skeppy half-yelled, nearly losing his balance. Dream snickered.

“Skephalo confirmed,” Quackity sang.

Skeppy and Bad both glared at him.

“Left foot blue,” Vurb supplied. Everyone shifted again.

“Man, you guys are like fucking slime or something! There has *gotta* be some kinda witchcraftery involved, ‘cause there’s no way you guys can actually bend like this naturally.”

George giggled at that. Bad responded with some scientific response, countering Foolish’s comment.

They went on for another good ten to fifteen minutes before George eventually emerged as the victor. Eret laughed and congratulated him. Sapnap claimed he’d cheated. And Dream had just given him a soft smile, a bit lopsided and just for him.

George returned the smile.

“Oh, parental figures dear, Dream and George are being gay again,” Ant deadpanned, cuddling

against Velvet and looking absolutely done.

“No excessive flirting!” Philza called back from the kitchen.

Dream gave Ant a betrayed look. Ant just smirked at him.

“Hey, I heard it’s supposed to snow like crazy tonight,” Ranboo mentioned, successfully changing the topic and redirecting everyone’s attention.

“Hell yeah!” Tubbo cheered from his spot on the twister mat. “Snow!”

“We should have a massive family snowball fight,” Sapnap suggested, an evil glint in his eyes.

“I’m staying out of that, thanks,” George said, still bending in odd shapes. Moments later, Skeppy collapsed, followed shortly by Bad, leaving George competing against Tubbo for the title of God of Twister.

“Okay, we’re going off the rails now. Head on yellow,” Vurb declared, tossing the spin board off to the side.

Tubbo grumbled in response but complied, bending awkwardly. George simply moved smoothly into his new position.

“I feel like I’m not going to be winning this,” Tubbo announced, looking ready to just flop over right then and there.

“Oo, someone get a blurry photo of them and post it on twitter,” Sapnap said.

Tommy did so, snapping a low quality photo before posting it to twitter while everyone else laughed, imagining the chaos it would cause.

@tommyaltinnit

twister championships with the boys

[image: a very blurred image of two figures on a twister mat. One is in motion, caught frozen in time as they’re bending into a new position. The other seems ready to give up, their head hanging.]

→ @itsrainingrightnow <replying to @tommyaltinnit>

WHAT THE FUCK

→ @iwantapplejuice <replying to @tommyaltinnit>

H U H

→ @ihateyahoosomuch <replying to @tommyaltinnit>

toMMYINNIT MY GOOD SIR???????????

@wowimactuallywriting

THE BENCHTRIO MEETUP THEORY AND WHY IT’S TRUE; A THREAD

{see more replies}

@ihateithere

I just woke up why is tl on fire

→ @iloveithere <replying to @ihateithere>
....go back to bed trust me it's the smart decision
→ @ihateithere <replying to @iloveithere>
well I'm not smart and I just went through and found out why tl is crying. i regret not listening
→ @iloveithere <replying to @ihateithere>
welcome to hell then ig
next time try to be smarter
→ @ihateithere <replying to @iloveithere>
thank you I'll do my best

@gooddaymybeloveds
so in today's episode of I have why I lowkey regret joining this fandom-

@noideawhatimdoing
why has the fandom been in shambles lately what is even happening anymore

@yolooloy
why are the block men continuously teasing at multiple meetups please im getting stressed out from trying to keep up with the news and not knowing what i should believe and what i shouldn't
→ @whyisitcoldhere <replying to @yolooloy>
lol first time?

@runningouttauserideas
i will not fall for this again i will not fall for this again i will NOT FALL FOR THIS AGAIN-
→ @oopsiedasiy <replying to @runningouttauserideas>
RIP

“Dream,” George murmured, poking lightly at his best friend’s hoodie-covered torso. “I’m hungry.”

The two of them had settled into hours ago, not long after the game night had ended. They were yet to fall asleep though - for the most part, they’d been cuddling and having whispered conversations. Dream shifted, head tilting down to look at him.

George stared right back.

“What do you want?” Dream rumbled, voice glassed over with hints of sleepiness.

“Pancakes,” George answered after a moment of consideration.

“Pancakes it is,” Dream laughed slowly, shifting again but this time bringing George with him.
“Come on, let's go make some.”

“From scratch?”

“If you want,” Dream said, smiling.

“Then yes,” George answered. “I love your food.”

“Freeloader,” Dream teased playfully as they made their way out their door and down the hallway.

George just blushed, defenseless.

They walked the rest of the way to the kitchen in silence, gently nudging at each other as they walked. They got out the ingredients in relative silence as well, save for a few loud bangs when Dream clumsily dropped a few bowls. (They managed to scare the absolute shit out of Sam with that, who’d fallen asleep on the couch.)

The first half of the cooking went surprisingly smoothly, the two of them working with and around each other like two cogs in a machine.

And then Dream dropped the bowl of batter.

Luckily, most of it stayed in the bowl. Unluckily, the batter that *didn’t* stay ended up on George.

They both burst out into laughter. George wiped at his face, flicking some of the batter at Dream in a lousy attempt at revenge.

“Did I get it all?” George asked after they calmed down, the quiet buzz of the morning filtering into the kitchen once more.

“No, there’s still a bit on your cheek,” Dream answered softly. George lightly scrubbed his left cheek in response.

Dream giggled. “No, no... Here, let me get it for you.”

He reached out, softly rubbing George’s right cheek with his thumb.

“There,” He mumbled, exhaling softly and leaning in slightly. George felt his breath catch.

“Oh,” He managed to say, glancing up to meet Dream’s gaze.

“Um,” Dream managed, cheeks going firetruck red. “Um.”

And George, being the impulsive dumbass he was, leaned in and kissed him.

Dream reacted immediately. He kissed back with twice the enthusiasm, if not more. Fiercely, one might say.

The kiss wasn’t the *best* - it was messy; a little bit sloppy, a little bit too wet, - but it was perfect.

A perfect first kiss, George thought.

Dream pulled away first, to George’s surprise. Or, well, maybe it wasn’t as surprising if he thought about it. He wasn’t too sure - George just wanted to go back to kissing Dream.

“So, um,” Dream started. “We, um. So. I- uh- hm. I’m in love with you?”

George snickered. “Eloquent as always, I see,” He teased, finger lightly tracing up Dream’s bicep.

Dream held still, head tilted slightly as he silently waited for George to respond.

After a moment, George leaned forward, pressing his head into Dream's chest.

"I'm in love with you too," He mumbled into Dream's hoodie.

Dream lightly wrapped his arms around him, hugging him gently and kissing his forehead.

"Wanna be my boyfriend?"

"Isn't that a given?"

"I thought you'd appreciate the sentiment."

George smiled. "Okay."

"Okay what?"

"Okay, I'll be your boyfriend."

Dream wheezed. "We're homies with no socks now."

George leaned back abruptly to look at Dream's flushed face, decorated rather nicely with a warm smile, eyes twinkling with mischief.

"I hate you," George declared with no real heat in his voice, shaking his head exasperatedly before slumping back into his previous position. "Why did I agree to this?"

"Cause you *loooooove* me," Dream teased.

"Where's the undo button? Or the receipt. I wanna return you."

Dream pouted. And George grinned softly.

Eventually, they removed themselves from each other, finishing the pancakes before heading back up to their room to cuddle some more.

Sam found them practically glued together the next morning when he'd come in to surprise them with breakfast in bed. He left them in peace, and didn't bother mentioning it to anyone, because why would he?

It wasn't his place to tell, anyway.

"Christmas time is approaching!" Philza exclaimed happily. "Do you guys know what that means?"

"Um," Tubbo said. "Everybody's gonna try and murder each other at the dinner table?"

"Well, personally, christmas time means I get drunk on my own while crying in a bathtub," Wilbur hummed.

"I get to chuck boxes and wrapping paper at Wil again!" Tommy cheered.

“The sweet release of death,” Techno deadpanned.

Philza groaned. “I was going to say we get to spend more time together, but we can go do that in therapy-”

Chapter End Notes

(i sent this to the discord but for everyone else who isn't in the discord/online often i demand yall hear this too. copy/pasted with minor edits)

SO. WE ALL KNOW THAT SCHOOLS STARTING SOON OR JUST STARTED UP FOR MOST PEOPLE. (if your on a completely different school schedule I hope wherever you are in the school year that you're doing fucking good and having a hopefully not completely miserable time)

BUT. I JUST WANNA SAY FROM SOMEONE WHO FINISHED THEIR FIRST [and now second] DAY OF PROBABLY THE MOST NERVEWRACKING FIRST [+second] DAY IVE EVER HAD, YOU CAN FUCKING DO IT. I BELIEVE IN YOU. you are all AMAZING and AWESOME and BEAUTIFUL and SO VIBEY and EVEN IF YOU DONT MAKE FRIENDS (I sure as hell didn't LMAO) YOU CAN DO IT.

I. BELIEVE. IN. YOU.

OKAY?? SO GO OUT THERE AND FUCKIN SLAUGHTER THIS YEAR!

LOTSA LOVE, DRINK WATER AND STAY SAFE,

-your (likely) very relatable author something student who goes by Jem who *fuckin believes in you*

the benchtrio meetup.... wait, there's more than just them?!

Chapter Summary

[TRENDING]

1 . Entertainment . RANBOO

Twitch streamer Ranboo breaks the internet after a surprise stream of what is assumed to be a massive meetup between several well known twitch streamers from the DreamSMP.

[Trending with WHAT THE FUCK, #dreamsmpmeetup]

Chapter Notes

HI WE'RE BACK. uh. YEAH. SORRY FOR THE LONG WAIT EVERYONE
LMAO

this chapter isn't as long as I wanted it to be (and also late so sorry about that) but no worries because I'm throwing this entire fic under a huge editing process during spring next year and I'll add more things then. BUT FOR NOW I HOPE THIS IS SATISFACTORY!! And if you understand the random references in this chapter good for you *nods* um. I'm really excited for the next few chapters and the arcs we're gonna go thru so stay tuned! love yall and thanks for sticking around during our hiatus <3

-Jem

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

@omgimwritingagain

did-

did i hear this right. WE'RE GETTING A BENCHTRIO MEETUP SOMETIME IN DECEMBER??

→ @herewegoagain <replying to @omgimwritingagain>

WHAT??? IS THERE A CLIP??

→ @omgimwritingagain <replying to @herewegoagain>

THERE IS ACTUALLY HERE

[video clip: "...nouncement time! Tubbo, Tommy, and I are going to meet up sometime in December!" Ranboo gives two thumbs up. "Look forward to it! I'm super excited, it's going to be a lot of fun!"]

It's a peaceful Saturday afternoon when Ranboo comes across Sapnap sitting in the middle of one of their many hallways, surrounded by varying types of red paint and a wide collection of mistletoe ranging from sparkling and painfully, obviously fake to soft, real plants. Ranboo watches as Sapnap lifts a clearly fake bit of mistletoe up and spray paints half of it, leaves and all, red.

“Why are you spray painting half of the mistletoe red?”

Sapnap pauses mid-spray, looking up to stare at Ranboo. It’s kind of scary. Ranboo towers over this man who’s not even that much older than him but he’s still scared.

(Rightfully so. Sapnap was terrifying when he wanted to be. Ranboo was pretty sure Dream and George were the only ones immune to it. And Bad too- who was also terrifying when he wanted to be as well.)

“I’m making it an option,” Sapnap answers after a terrifying twenty seconds of staring into Ranboo’s soul. “To choose between kissing and fighting.”

Ranboo stares at Sapnap. Sapnap stares back. Neither of them move for at least a minute.

“...What,” Ranboo says after he can’t bear to stand in silence any longer.

“Mistletoe or mistlefoe, pick your poison,” Sapnap responds. He goes back to spraypainting the mistletoe. Ranboo wonders if Dream knows about this.

“Unless you’re DNF,” Sapnap continues unexpectedly. “Those two don’t have an option. I’m sick of their sexual tension and constant pinning.”

“That’s fair,” Ranboo says. “I’m just gonna-” He gestures to the end of the hallway where the stairs are located. “Yeah.”

“Bye,” Sapnap waves over his shoulder, still focused on his mission to get the mistletoe red.

(Ranboo prays he doesn’t end up under one with Tubbo, because Tubbo is chaotic and would definitely take up the opportunity to try and smack him.)

“KISS!” Sapnap screams, laughing at the sight of George and Dream staring disbelievingly at the mistletoe hanging above them. “FUCKING DO IT!”

Sapnap’s yelling attracts the attention of others nearby. Bad pokes his head in from the laundry room and everyone in the living room watching TV turns to see what the noise is about. A few come running down from the second floor.

“I wasn’t told that we had mistletoe hung up,” Dream says, amused more than anything. “But why is half of it red?”

“Because it’s a choice between mistletoe and mistlefoe,” Sapnap answers. “But I’m not giving you guys a choice because I’m sick of all the pining you guys have been doing for who knows how long.”

“So this is to make us kiss and ‘get our shit together’ or something?” George laughs. He doesn’t seem as blushy as Sapnap expected.

“Yes,” Sapnap answers anyway, because it’s the damn truth.

“Well, I wasn’t planning on telling everyone this way, but I guess we don’t have much of a choice.” Dream smiles. “George?”

“Come here, you idiot,” George responds, tugging Dream down and giving him a kiss. “There,” He says, turning to Sapnap, Dream’s hand snaking around his frame to side hug him. “That good enough?”

“YOU GUYS WERE TOGETHER?!” Sapnap roars in disbelief. Everyone else makes similar noises of surprise and confusion. Sam is distantly laughing in the background.

“We got together like, three days ago,” Dream says.

“And you didn’t tell me,” Sapnap answers, falling to the ground like he’d been shot. “I feel so betrayed.”

Dream and George both shrug and smile sheepishly. “Oops?”

Sapnap stares at them and that’s all the warning the two get before he’s scrambling back onto his feet to chase them. Laughter rings out throughout the house, and at one point Quackity turns on speedrunning music and follows the three around.

Life continues.

"No," Ranboo says, staring at the very solid piece of mistletoe hanging above him and Tubbo.
"No."

Tubbo grins manically at him. "I choose mistlefoe."

"No," Ranboo repeats, backing away slowly. "Tubbo, please, don't do this-"

"Ranboo!" Tubbo says, voice rising. "Come back here! Let's brawl!"

"I DO NOT CONSENT TO THIS!" Ranboo yells as he takes down the hall. "AHHHHHHHHH! I AM A MINOR!"

“SO AM I!” Tubbo yells after him. “OH RANBOOOOOOOO!”

“WHATEVER HAPPENED TO CONSENT BEING THE NUMBER ONE RULE IN THIS HOUSEHOLD?!”

“Come on, Dream, give me a kiss!”

Dream sighs. He stares at the mistletoe above him like it’s murdered his family.

Sapnap makes exaggerated kissy faces at him. “Dream, I’m not letting you go until you give me a kiss!”

“I’m not giving you a kiss, Sapnap.”

“Well, I sure ain’t fighting you. You’re like a head and a half taller than me, you’d deck me in ten seconds flat! Come on, I thought we were homies.”

“Yeah,” Punz deadpans from behind them. “Are you really homies if you don’t kiss each other under the mistletoe?”

Dream groans and gives in, kissing Sapnap on his cheek.

Sapnap gloats about it for a week straight afterward.

"My king," Foolish says jokingly, getting down on one knee and kissing the back of Eret's hand. "How may I be of service?"

"Rise, my dear friend," Eret hums, playing along easily. "You have no need to bow down to me. We are friends, are we not?"

"But you are King now," Foolish monologues. He motions towards the mistletoe above them. "Is this not a sign of your newly born greatness?"

"And this! Is exactly why! Foolish and Eret need more screen time in lore!" Wilbur yells from somewhere down the hall.

"Tommy, I'm not fighting you," Dream grumbles, crossing his arms and starring Tommy defiantly in the eyes.

"But mate, mistlefoe!"

"No."

“...How about an arm wrestle?”

“Tommy, you would lose.”

Tommy throws his hands up in the air. “Well then what? Mistletoe?”

Dream crinkles his nose up. “No. Well, unless you just want a hug. I can do that.”

“Just fight me!”

Dream eyes him. “Are you sure?”

“Positive.” Tommy grins manically.

Dream shrugs, as if to say, *well, if you say so*, and proceeds to charge at Tommy and pick him up in a fireman’s carry and sprinting down the hall as Tommy screamed.

“HOLY FUCK, GREEN MAN, UNCALLED FORR-AAAHHHHHHHH!”

“Skeppy, I’m not going to fight you!” Bad lets out a frustrated sigh. “We can just give each other cheek kisses and be done!”

“What, are you scared that you’re gonna lose?”

“No, Skeppy, I just-”

“If you don’t fight me I’m taller than you.”

“SKEPPY!”

“WHAT?!”

“I’M LITERALLY TALLER THAN YOU! WE ALL KNOW THIS!”

“NO, YOU’RE LITERALLY LYING! YOU JUST WEAR SHOES THAT MAKE YOU TALLER!”

“I’M LITERALLY BAREFOOT RIGHT NOW?! AND I’M TALLER THAN YOU?!”

“NO YOU’RE NOT! FIGHT ME!”

“NO! WHO MADE MISTLEFOE A THING? I HATE IT.”

“THE AUTHORS!”

“YOU’RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BREAK THE FOURTH WALL, SKEPPY!”

“TOO LATE!”

Red hands Ranboo some popcorn. “Entertaining, right?”

Ranboo nods. “Mhm.”

“SKEPPY YOU MUFFINHEAD!”

“DON’T CALL ME A MUFFINHEAD!”

“I DO WHAT I WANT! GODS! AUTHORS! MAKE HIM STOP TRYING TO FIGHT ME PLEASE!”

“No,” A rumble voice-changer-ed voice grumbles. “You can keep arguing off screen. I’m moving this into the next scene for the readers. And someone patch up the fourth wall for me, please and thank you. Now. Uh. Poof. Magic. Next scene because I’m not writing a smooth transition here. Bam. Enjoy the rest, readers.”

@itsmidnightrightnow

benchtrio meetup benchtrio meetup benchtrio meetup

GUYS ITS TODAY BENCHTRIO MEETUP IS TODAY

inhales AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

EVERYBODY CALM DOWN ITS HAPPENING ITS H A P P E N I N G-

Ranboo's not complaining though, because this is the closest to peace he's going to get from his chat after today. And as if on cue, his phone buzzes with a text from the household discord chat.

He can tell it's Foolish just based on the way the message is formatted.

CHAOS <#general>

11:12 AM

fowlsh: *cn I dnce yet or do I hve 2 wait sm mre*

ranboo: *you guys can start*

fowlsh: *WHOOOOOOOO*

It takes a total of two minutes and seventeen seconds before Foolish's shift dance music starts blaring loudly throughout the house.

Predictably, chat blows up. Ranboo pays them no mind and continues beating eggs.

Everything goes well for a total of thirty seconds, max. Through the loud music, a very obvious voice yells "oH SHIT-!" approximately half a second before a loud crash follows. The music continues to play cheerily. Ranboo, Tubbo, and Tommy all freeze and glance off camera in the direction of the source of the sound.

There's a moment of complete silence, save for the music that's still playing, before Ranboo hesitantly calls out, "Yo, Foolish, you okay?"

Chat is going absolutely bonkers right now. Foolish makes it worse (even if it's intended) by waddling into the kitchen, decked out in his shark costume and a boombox lifted on one shoulder. He grins at the three boys and looks around the messy kitchen. "I'm good, Ranboo, thanks for asking!" He takes a dramatic inhale. "Mm, smells good. Whatcha making?"

Ranboo really doubts it actually smells good, since they haven't even gotten past step four of the very long process of baking a cake, but he doesn't mention it. Instead, he nods and says, "We're baking a cake."

"Ooo, what flavor?"

"Chocolate!" Tubbo answers happily, his hands covered in flour.

"Oh, I love chocolate," Foolish continues, like he isn't blowing the minds of approximately 350 thousand people right now. "Make sure you call me down for a slice when you're done, okay?"

"We will," Ranboo says at the same time Tubbo says, "Okay, now get out, we have to focus."

Tommy just laughs as the two dissolve into their fifth staring contest while Foolish grins and moonwalks out of frame.

Chat is completely *gone* by now. Ranboo felt bad for his mods, especially considering they weren't made aware of the household member reveal either. But oh well, the big bang was part of the surprise.

About halfway through the process of mixing together the dried ingredients, George comes in and just climbs the fridge in the background. Chat is absolutely dying. Ranboo's pretty sure they've

taken over the entirety of the trending tab on twitter by now.

“Why is chat freaking out?” Tubbo asks while he washes his hands. “Chat, what’re you all freaking out about? Oh, there’s someone on the fridge?” Tubbo glances in George’s direction. George waves at him. “Yeah, that’s just George. It’s just a thing he does. Anyways, Tommy, can you hand me that spatula? If Callahan doesn’t stop making faces at me behind the camera I’m going to beat the shit out of him.”

atwitchuser: WHAT

imnotcreative: IM SORRY?????

*oofsaveme: FIRST FOOLISH? THEN GEORGE???? NOW CALLAHAN IS THERE
TOO???????????*

ilovewritingfans: HUHHHHHHHHH

lolthisisfine: WHAT IS H A P P E N I N G

“Chat, calm down, this is normal,” Ranboo says with the most monotone voice he can muster, well aware that this is everything but normal. He can’t wait to see twitter after this. He turns around and immediately notices Karl standing by the couch in the living room, nerf gun aimed in their general direction. Ranboo’s pretty sure it’s meant to be aimed at Tubbo but is failing because Tommy keeps moving back and forth between them. “Oh my- for all that is holy and pure, Karl, please don’t shoot that nerf gun at us we are *baking*.”

Chat screams some more. Karl huffs but doesn’t lower the gun. “Give me one good reason why.”

“We’re *baking*,” Ranboo repeats, exasperated. Why do the adults in this household have the combined maturity of a nine year old? “If you ruin our progress you’ll have to wait even longer before you can get cake.”

Karl considers this. He lowers the nerf gun slightly. “If you make the frosting pink you can consider it a deal.”

“Done,” Ranboo says. Karl lowers his weapon. He nods, then walks off. Twitch chat never gets to see him, but the brief conversation proves that it was clearly Karl talking.

Boomer comes next. It’s the most dramatic one by far, considering he makes his entrance by basically sprinting into frame and going “What’s up pissers, just finished doing your mommy in my bed, can I have a banana covered in mustard and ketchup? Oh, wait, you’re streaming, my bad.”

“You do this like every week Boomer, fuck off!” Sapnap yells from somewhere off screen. Boomer just grins like he knows and winks at the camera before leaving.

Ranboo sighs. Tommy starts dumping the dry mixture into the wet mixture, doing it in a way that causes a giant mess in the kitchen. Tubbo grins manically and mixes it much more aggressively than necessary, causing an even bigger mess to emerge.

No one new appears for a good five minutes before a very much on purpose accident causes the camera to tilt, during which Dream walks into frame and has a five second conversation with Tommy and Tubbo before freezing (according to a script, of course) and going, “Wait, fuck-” before bolting out of frame so he wouldn’t have to deal with the aftermath of an unplanned facereveal. Speedrunning music follows him as he goes, slowly fading out the further away he gets.

Chat hears him go, “Quackity, stop playing that fucking music every time I start running! It’s getting really old!”

Tommy laughs. Tubbo shakes his head.

“Okay, I’m gonna go get Sam for the frosting because I’ve been told frosting is delicate and I don’t wanna ruin it,” Tommy declares. Ranboo’s pretty sure it’s just because he wants an excuse to bring Sam on stream, but whatever. It didn’t really matter anyway, and besides, Sam was amazing in the kitchen. He’d take any help given.

Tommy returns with Sam moments later, and Niki follows a few steps behind them. Ranboo asks his mods to put the chat in sub only and slow mode. They comply. Chat doesn’t get any less faster.

"So what kind of frosting are we thinking of?" Sam asks, taking in the current state of the kitchen.

The three of them shrug. Sam laughs.

"How about buttercream?" Niki suggests, looking through the fridge. "Chat, what do you think?"

"They're too busy freaking out to give good input, just do buttercream," Philza deadpans from off camera.

Wilbur chooses that moment to enter. He pauses just barely in frame, stares briefly at the camera, then turns to everyone else and goes, "Hey, guys! Can I have a slice of cheese?"

Niki wordlessly hands him a slice. Wilbur thanks her and walks off camera before the cheese comes flying back in frame, landing squarely on Tommy's forehead. There's a moment of brief silence where everything is frozen.

"WILBUR YOU FUCK," Tommy yells, peeling the cheese off his face before maneuvering his way around Sam and Niki and running after Wilbur. "COME BACK HERE!"

Their laughter and screaming fades away. Ranboo’s stream is starting to lag from how much everyone in the chat is crying.

whoamI: WHAT THE MUFFIN

prisoner24601: HUHHHHHHHH

lookdown: IS THAT WILBUR SOOT

chickennuggets: IM SO CONFUSED D D D D D D D D D D

imwritingthiswhilewatchinggnf: HUHHH

jointhediscord: is this some weird fever dream. am I awake right now

error404: RANBOO WHAT IS HAPPENING

The rest of the stream goes by surprisingly smoothly. Sam and Niki help them make an incredible buttercream frosting and it’s not long before the cake is done.

“Chat! We did it!” Ranboo says, clapping his hands together once. “The cake is done and it doesn’t look half bad!”

“Tastes pretty good too, if I do say so myself,” Tubbo adds. He’s licking the pink frosting off his fingers.

“Let’s bring everyone a slice then, shall we?”

Sam and Niki wave bye to the camera as Ranboo picks it up so that chat can see them move around. They’re both enjoying a slice of the cake.

Tommy pulls out his phone. “First stop: Eret!”

“YEAHHH!” Tubbo yells. He’s balancing the cake very dangerously in one hand. Ranboo side eyes it.

They barge into Eret's room, successfully scaring him into almost falling off his chair. By the looks of it, they’re currently streaming as well.

“A little bit of a warning would’ve been nice,” He mumbled, adjusting his earbuds. She perks up at the sight of the cake. “Oh, is that cake?”

“Yeah! You’re on my stream too, by the way,” Ranboo says as Tommy and Tubbo slice the cake and hand Eret a slice. Eret accepts the plate happily as he smiles at Ranboo’s camera. “Hey, chat!”

newmakeupaddiction: WHAT THE HECKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK

hottopicpoggers: i’m just slowly losing my mind

befearless: I S THIS REALITY

catsarecute: hi eret

thisisaworkoffiction: WHAT IS ACTUALLY HAPPENING

watchblackclover: JUST JOINED STREAM??? HUH?????

The three of them continue wandering around, passing out cake to everyone they know is currently awake. Foolish happily takes a giant slice, and Karl demands three and disappears into his room without another word. George literally shoves a good third of it in his mouth the second he’s handed the slice, and Sapnap laughs when crumbs start falling from the corners of his mouth.

That results in a dramatic zooming in-and-out of a very childish game of chase between the two. (It’s very funny.) Philza yells at them from halfway down the hallway to quiet down.

...Spoiler, they don’t.

“And last but not least, Bad and Skeppy!” Tubbo cheers.

“The lovebirds,” Tommy says, making a face. “Okay, let’s do this.”

“SKEPHALO IS REAL!” Red yells at them when they pass down the hallway.

“TRUE!” Tubbo yells back.

“FALSE!” Bad yells, opening the door. “Oh, is that cake?”

“Yeah!” Ranboo says cheerily. “You’re on camera, by the way!”

“Here’s two slices, one for you and one for Skeppy,” Tommy says, handing him two plates. Bad accepts them before sneaking back into his room. The camera zooms in on the closed door.

“...And they were roommates.”

@merryearlychristmas
so..... are we gonna talk about whatever the fuck today was

@longhairsupremacy
guys today feels very surreal someone deck me so I know I’m not dreaming

@ishouldgotosleep
ranboo my good sir what the actual hecking heck was that

@drinkwaterguys
uh. does that mean the dream smp lives in one household or

[TRENDING]

1 . Entertainment . RANBOO

Twitch streamer Ranboo breaks the internet after a surprise stream of what is assumed to be a massive meetup between several well known twitch streamers from the DreamSMP.

*<Trending with **WHAT THE FUCK, #dreamsmpmeetup**>*

..... <see more>

“Alright then!” Tommy smiles widely at the camera. “That’s it for now, readers! I hope you all enjoyed the return of chaos and be looking forward to more in the future! See you all next chapter!”

“WHY ARE YOU BREAKING THE FOURTH WALL?!” Ranboo screeches, desperately trying to tape up the crumbling fourth wall. “WE ALREADY BROKE IT EARLIER TODAY! WHO GAVE YOU RIGHTS?”

“The authors of this work of fiction, who else?”

“GOD, MAYBE?!”

Chapter End Notes

THANK YOU ALL SO MUCH FOR READING! LOVE YOU ALL AND STAY
SAFE AND HEALTHY! (that means drink water. eat. and SLEEP you chaos creators
/lh)

Happy Holidays!

dream is a simp but what else is new

Chapter Summary

“HOLY MOTHER OF CHEESE, DREAM,” Ranboo shrieks, because why was Dream like this.

Chapter Notes

hi we're back

@wowitsbeenahotminute

hello. I am here to provide predictions for who's rooming with who even though we don't even have a fully confirmed list of who lives in this massive dsmp household. here we flipping go

→ @wowitsbeenahotminute <replying to @wowitsbeenahotminute>

to start. dnf rooms together. its either dnf or dream team and lets be honest no one wants to third wheel dnf. therefore sapnap is rooming with karl. obviously benchtrio is rooming together. I want to say skephalo are probably rooming.

→ @wowitsbeenahotminute <replying to @wowitsbeenahotminute>

wilbur is either with techno or quackity. if wilbur's with quackity then techno is probably by himself and vise versa. foolish. he has to be rooming with sam or something. building buddies i will stand by this for life.

→ @wowitsbeenahotminute <replying to @wowitsbeenahotminute>

eret gives me older sibling vibes therefore she has her own room. phil is obviously with kristin. i think callahan also has a room to himself. niki and puffy share a room. maybe hannah is with them too? girls roooom

→ @wowitsbeenahotminute <replying to @wowitsbeenahotminute>

i will add more to this thread later when my brain actually works and i'm not sleep deprived. thanks for reading ☺

@forgiveme

I refuse to believe bad and skeppy actually met up like nah there's no way

@youareloved

listen. listen. consider this. this is meant to be hinting at a face reveal. yes I mean dreams. like. why else would they do this. guys please.

“Merry Christmas, guys!” Ranboo greets the stream. “Today we’re going around the Dream SMP and leaving christmas gifts for everyone. But first, I’m going to do something illegal with my newfound silk touch hands.”

The facecam shrinks into the corner, revealing Ranboo's minecraft character staring at an end portal frame. Ranboo rubs his hands together wickedly. "We're gonna see if we can pick up one of these bad boys."

"Watch DreamXD hop on and just murder me," Ranboo says as he gets to work breaking an end portal frame. "I can already see it happening - I'm gonna have to gamble with him just to get my stuff back."

There's a brief moment of silence.

Then, abruptly, a door off-screen bangs open, followed immediately by Dream's voice. "Don't you *fucking dare*, Ranboo! I told you to be responsible with that ability!"

"HOLY MOTHER OF CHEESE, DREAM," Ranboo shrieks, because why was Dream like this.

Dream walks in frame, one arm lifted to obscure his face. (It's not really necessary, considering most of his face is out of frame.) His other hand blindly reaches around Ranboo's set up, and after a brief moment of struggle he manages to wring Ranboo's mouse out of his grip. "Responsibility! Be responsible!" Dream says.

"You literally could've just logged in on minecraft!" Ranboo objects, heart still beating aggressively. "You don't have to literally take my mouse away from me!"

"DREAMXD IN REAL LIFE, YOU IRRESPONSIBLE CHILD!" Dream says, returning to his yelling. "I SWEAR I'LL UNWHITELIST YOU AND KICK YOU OUT!"

"Dream, please," George's voice floats through. Chat explodes, (again), even though it's been at least a good week since the initial reveal of the household. "This is the second time today you've crashed someone's stream. We're literally supposed to be in bed Dream, we're *sick*."

"The lore, Ranboo, the lore!" Dream says, waving the hand with Ranboo's mouse around in the air, ignoring George. "The lore!"

"Come on, Dream, get your sick, overworking ass back in our room before you get Ranboo sick too," George says, grabbing Dream's arm and setting down Ranboo's mouse before tugging him out of the room. "Puffy's gonna bring us soup soon, let's go back to sleep."

"BE RESPONSIBLE!" Dream yells at Ranboo as he's dragged off. Chat genuinely explodes.

@atwitteruserlol

so uh. are we gonna talk about the fact that dreAM AND GEORGE ACTUALLY GENUINELY SHARE A ROOM OR

@lolsaveme

hi everyone why is everyone dnf truthing today

→ @imrunningoutofusers <replying to @lolsaveme>

ranboo's stream

@oop

if dnf is rooming together. does that mean they are actually together. are they dating. what is

happening. huh.

@ahfdlskajfsdla

@dreamwastaken please I am begging you sir are you or are you not dating @georgenootfound

@dreamwastaken

so it appears everyone has a lot of questions after what happened on Ranboo's stream today so I'll answer the first question I see once I refresh this page

→ @gaspOwO <replying to @dreamwastaken>

is dnf real

→ @dreamwastaken <replying to @gaspOwO>

yes

→ @gaspOwO <replying to @dreamwastaken>

OH MY GOSFALDKJSLA?S?KJA?DS????????????????

→ @ahfdlskajfsdla <replying to @gaspOwO and @dreamwastaken>

GARFIELD ARE YOU SRS OR J

→ @dreamwastaken <replying to @ahfdlskajfsdla>

ess are ess

@sorryitsbeensolong

EXCUSE MEFHALKJDFKLSAHGDLJSAF????????

[6 months later, late June]

For late June, the weather is much cooler than expected. It's not particularly hot, but it's summer, and summer calls for a good swim.

So here they are, with several of the house members in bathing suits, lounging at the pool.

Dream can see them from the living room. There's a game of scuffed water polo happening, and what he assumes is a diving competition. A handful of people are sitting on the edge of the pool, feet dipped in and some splashing the others in the pool.

George is one of those people.

In a moment of impulsivity, Dream takes out his phone and opens twitch. He clicks the *Go Live* button and gives it a second to load. When people start popping up in chat, greeting him, he starts making his way outside.

He opens the door and the sun momentarily blinds him. The muted noises from inside are clear now, and the sound of splashing water is loud.

Dream sneaks up behind George and shoves him into the pool.

George shrieks, splashing loudly before yelling "*DREAM!*", but Dream is already running off, laughing loudly.

He switches the camera so his face can be seen. "So, anyways, how are you all doing?" Chat speeds by, freaking out by the impromptu face reveal. "Good? Good! So, the weather's nice today, and a bunch of people are in the pool today, which is why no one is streaming."

“DREAM!” George yells, running after him. Dream starts running as well. “Come BACK, YOU IDIOT!”

“No!” Dream responds, then runs inside and upstairs to his room. “Alright, chat, I just wanted to say hi since it’s been a while! That’ll be all for now. I’ll stream sometime next week, so stay tuned!”

He clicks off right before George bursts into their room to tackle him, still dripping wet. “You’ll pay for that!”

Dream sticks his tongue out at him.

He ends up in the pool an hour later anyway.

He was *such* a simp.

What a character flaw. He’d have to work on that.

fistfight for the \$800 tip

Chapter Summary

a dono: how many children do you have?

phil: biologically, legally, or emotionally? because there is a difference

OR: headcanons, incorrect quotes, and other things about the WTC universe that didn't get included in the fic

Chapter Notes

HAPPY NEW YEARS AND HAPPY 2 YEAR ANNIVERSARY TO THIS FIC!

After 2 years we're finally bringing this fic to a close. It's been a journey and we're thankful for everyone who came along for the ride! Please enjoy these last bit of extra scenes <3

rea: the end gays hope you liked it :) this has been a fun ride lmao. ps hope you all know we were originally writing a very angsty fic but wanted a fun fic and. clearly only one came to the light LMAO. love y'all <3333

jem: I have so much to say to you guys but mostly thank you so much for all the support. I know we took a bit of a. impromptu hiatus for uh, little over a year, but this fic deserves an ending, so here we are. I know there are readers who have drifted from the fandom like I have, but I hope this is a nice throwback to those readers, and to those still invested, I hope this is also a good throwback, because again this fic has been half dead for a year. lots of love you guys <33

cy: [jem: cy will come in later with their last words bc rn they are tired and not awake enough for words]

Before we go, please note that the chatfic that goes along with WTC is being taken down for several reasons, but the main one is that we've grown away from the dsmp and mcyt community the past year (hence the hiatus) and aren't as invested anymore and updates won't be coming anymore. (also mainly why WTC is closing kinda abruptly.) Thank you all again for such a fun ride :)

Here's to 2023!

mcc is like the superbowl for the ones who don't play. They place bets, they dress accordingly, they get snacks and watch it religiously. It's the only time everyone wakes up before 1pm est. The team who wins gets to pick what they eat for the next week (if people from that team live in the house, if not they go to people from 2nd place)

among us lobbies are hilarious because you can always tell who the imposter is if you just listen to see if someone baby rages when they die

people who can't sleep for whatever reason gather up in the living room and watch a movie until they all fall asleep. Sam or Phil or Niki or Eret or someone finds them the next morning and puts a blanket over them

moments where tubbo is just flirting with ranboo and ranboo just stands there like "why the hell did i do this to myself why am i friends with him why does he do this why god"

interaction where ranboo does something "bad" and nobody confronts him about it and then the next day someone else does the exact same thing and gets called out for it and then we get something like "lucky i didn't kill you on sight for what you did back then" "what about ranboo??" "... i'm a ranboo apologist"

SOMETIMES IT WON'T EVEN BE VIDEOS ITS JUST A BADLY FILMED PRANK THAT'S 80% SHAKY CAMERA AND LOTS OF YELLING ENDING WITH SOMETHING ALONG THE LINE SOF "NOOOOO, I'M SORRY, PLEASE SPARE ME"

(note: idk where the first part of this idea is because its nowhere in my notes but I'm assuming we were talking about a combined yt house channel that everyone in chaos fam uploaded videos to)

"anyone who i shoot in the legs has it coming" -bbh, january 31st 2021 *(An actual quote from Bad that jem wrote down bc it radiated WTC energy)*

Q, to sap and karl: if you do not shut the fuck up i am going to manhunt your ass off the face of the earth

clingyduo are screaming at the top of their lungs over among us and then ranboo is just deadpan, "i hate this"

THEY HAVE A "DAYS WITHOUT INCIDENT" SIGN IT CONSTANTLY STAYS AT 0

INCORRECT QUOTES

dream: do i look straight?

sapnap: not in the slightest

dream: i meant my parking job you fucker

sapnap. oh. in that case, still no.

"is that person bothering you"

"no not really"

"i can kill them if you want"

"nO-"

"but if you wanted me to-"

tubbo: ranboo how do you feel about politics

ranboo: uh-

tubbo: ranboo how do you feel about the government

ranboo: i don-

tubbo: hOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT JOE BIDEN

ranboo: tubbo-

tubbo: HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT DONALD TRUMP

ranboo: please-

tubbo: POLITICS.

tubbo: this pancake tastes kinda weird.

ranboo: put it in water
tubbo: i am going to kill you

ranboo: tubbo. i hope you take this personally. this song is absolutely horrible
tubbo: baby shark is not horrible you just have shitty tatse
ranboo:
ranboo: no. no im pretty sure its horrible-

skeppy: would you rather stab dream or-
techno: dream
skeppy: i didn't even say the other option
techno: i know. i'd still stab dream
skeppy:
techno: unless tommy was the other option. then i'd stab both
skeppy:
dream/tommy: not gonna lie i feel a little unsafe in this house. does anyone else feel unsafe?

dream: techno, there's no way you could beat me in an actual fist fight
techno: sure i can. with the power of pure sarcasm and the gun i found in the garage yesterday
dream: oh ple- i'm sorry the what now

tommy, t-psoing at the doorway: greetings, parental figure
phil, not even looking up from his coffee: good morning, problem child

sapnap: is bread technically toast with no brim
dream: can i get the top bunk at conversion camp
george: swing swong your opinion is very fucking wrong

wilbur: i can't find my brother can i make an announcement
some employee: sure
wilbur, over the intercom: oi tommy goodbye you little shit
tommy, three isles away: YOU DO THIS EVERY TIME

phil: Why are you smiling?
techno/wil: what? can't i just be happy?
ranboo, sighing: tommy tripped and fell in the parking lot

dream: how did none of you just hear what i said
sapnap: i've been zoned out for the past two and a half hours
karl: i zoned out halfway through, sorry
george: ignoring you was a conscious decision

If you took a shot for every time you made a bad decision, how drunk would you be?

bad: a bit tipsy
geroge: drunk
dream: wasted
sapnap: dead

[escape room]

tommy: i think we're missing something
tubbo: teamwork?
purpled: communication?
ranboo: a general idea of what we're doing?

karl, talking about q and sap: they're both a pain in the ass

someone: ...but?

karl: that's it. there's no but.

q, from a distance: fuCK YOU KARL

sapnap, also from a distance: we love you too karl

george: i cannot believe you dream, i am at a loss for words-

dream: you say that but you're still gonna yell at me for another two hours

george: did you just say you haven't gotten any sleep in the past five days-

sapnap, ignoring him completely: how many legs to horses have was it four or six

dream: they're not an insect so they have eight you fucking idiot

george:

george: why am i friends with you guys

tommy: now who the fuck-

bad: language!

wilbur: tommy i think you mean 'whom'

tommy: right sorry, whom the fuck-

tommy: techno has been sending dream the death glare for the past four hours

sapnap: that's normal

tommy: no- i mean, more than usual

sapnap: oh

sapnap: idk man ask wilbur or phil, they know techno better than me

-

tommy: do you have any idea why techno has been sending dream the death glare for the past four hours

wilbur: he mentioned percy jackson when techno was going on a greek mythology rant

wilbur: it didn't go well

tommy: clearly-

tommy, walking in on them bickering over something: are they okay?

ranboo: the finances are fighting. it's fine. leave them be

tommy: you say that like it's normal

ranboo: you act like this is the first time you've walked in on them arguing

tommy:

ranboo:

tommy:

ranboo: so, want some popcorn?

g: dream, why the fuck do you keep looking at me?

d:ur my bf, let me admire you.

g: dream.

d: george.

g: why do you keep looking at me.

d: because! you're my bo-

g: ok no. you only look over this much when we're playing poker and other card games like uno or something. What is it? Am I like, giving myself away or something?

d: no-

g: i am, aren't i. fuck.

[at a restaurant]

tommy: you have been glaring at that toddler for a concerning amount of time

tubbo: its angering me

tommy: it's not even doing anything-

tubbo: it is doing everything by simply existing

tommy: are you threatening a toddler

tubbo: if it can crawl it can brawl motherfucker

eret, narrating like an animal documentary: and here we see the wild fundy in his natural habitat

fundy: falls down the stairs and spills cereal all over himself

eret: it appears natural selection is coming for him

karl: What the honk did you two do!?

q: in my defense, i was left unsupervised.

karl: i told sapnap to keep you out of trouble!

sapnap: in MY defense, i was also left unsupervised

bad: i need you to swear-

skeppy: fuck

bad:

bad: i need you to *promise*-

skeppy: hello, nice to meet you. this is my ex-best friend bad

bad: you have got to stop introducing me like that

bad: hi, sorry. i'm his boyfriend

ranboo: if you ever need to talk im available 23/6

tubbo: isn't it 24/7?

ranboo: no. Saturdays are reserved for mental breakdowns.

phil: where's tommy

tubbo: doing the thing you told him not to do

phil: and where's wilbur

tubbo: trying to stop him from doing it

phil: I see. and where's techno

tubbo: trying to stop wilbur from stopping tommy from doing it.

phil: uh huh. and what are you doing

tubbo: distracting you so you don't stop techno from stopping wilbur from stopping tommy.

karl: atoms never touch and the universe is made up of atoms

karl: so technically i did not shove george down a flight of stairs to win that challenge video

dream, pushing on a door that clearly says pull

eret: that's the one you're gay for. that one?

george, tiredly: just give him a minute. He'll figure it out.

tommy: hey can i have some water

wilbur: it's not water

tommy: are you drinking vodka at seven in th-

wilbur: vinegar.

tommy:

tommy: what

wilbur: its vinegar. pussy.

karl: quackity i dare you to call your dad

q: pff, that's easy. hey siri, call dad

siri: okay. calling daddy

q: waIT, NONONONONO-

sapnap's phone rings

silence

sapnap: why am i "daddy"

[alternatively with red and ant: "reD WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU CHANGE YOUR CONTACT INFORMATION AGAIN WHAT THE FUCK-"]

dream: name one reason why you think you're smarter than me

george: well first of all, i didn't throw myself out a window because sapnap bet i couldn't

techno: im gonna smile when i throw you down these fucking stairs. you're like a slinky

phil: if you dont shut the fuck up im throwing myself in a nursing home i cannot deal with yall rn

wilbur: imagine someone was taking a shit and a bomb threat was called

tommy: i hope you eat a potato chip the wrong way

wilbur, pointing to a s[he] be[lie]ve[d] picture: what does this say

techno: he lied

tommy: sbeve

ranboo: two types of people

a dono: how many children do you have?

phil: biologically, legally, or emotionally? because there is a difference

q: where is the fucking tv remote

bad: ask nicely.

q: i would appreciate the knowledge to ascertain the whereabouts of the fucking tv remote, please

ranboo: how do you even manage to keep techno, wil, and tommy under control?

phil: i don't

phil: wilbur called my name this morning

phil: i looked up

phil: tommy shot me in the fuckin face with a slingshot

[They're causing absolute chaos in a public place and police get involved to kick them out and none of them give a single fuck and are sassing them]

"officer in my defense, it was a man, and i hate all men."

"techno- my brother- said 'dude stab me with a fork or something idc' so i fucking did it, what is the problem here?"

"sir i was just trying to say hi to the fish--"

"you were standing in the fish tank"

"i wANTED TO SAY HI TO THE FISH BITCH"

"i don't know what "manhunt" is but you are not allowed to do it in a mall"

"party pooper"

sam, h, phil enjoying some nice coffee, having a nice conversation: yeah. nice weather we've got today

fucking problem children in the background: YOU FUCKER I COULDVE KILLED YOU WHEN I HAD THE CHANCE

sam, h, phil, ignoring it: yeah. nice and sunny. no annoying children around

[queue screaming match]

[cooking stream]

“tOMMY PUT THE FUCKING KNIFE DOWN”

“quackity stop throwing flour at sapnap because i cuddled him without you”

“IF YOU RUB BUTTER ON THE COUNTER ONE MORE TIME I WILL CRACK AN EGG OVER YOUR SKULL”

“if you don’t shut the fuck up now i will put oil on the floor in front of your bedroom door, hope you slip bitch.”

they call the fuckin fire department and its just *(note: 98% sure this is unrelated to the cooking stream quotes)*

"so how did this happen"

"I cooked a quesadilla and some bacon at 400 degrees on carpet for content"

"what."

HOW THIS WHOLE FIC STARTED:

ok no moslty i just want the pizza guy to stand there just waiting for someone to pay them and either dream skeppy or jimmy walk up and just hand them like a wad of like 1k or something and be like thank you, we’re a bit unorganized right now, sorry for the delay, keep the change, have a great day!

THE LOCAL PIZZA GUYS STARTED TO REALIZE THEY JUST TIP LIKE 800 BUKCS AND STARTEDFIST FIGHTING TO BE ABLE TO DELIVER THERE

taco bell: “no def us. they haven’t had that in a week”

pizza hut: “come onnn. we all know they come here every other day basically”

sonic: “yes we know pizza hut. we know”

A/N: This fic was inspired by the opening scene from the first Home Alone movie with the house in chaos and the poor pizza dude standing at the door for like 5 minutes waiting for someone to pay him

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!